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THE OLD STORY.

BY E. E. C.

When visions of her face come o'er me,
Of her sweet face far away,
I say what lovers said before me,
What lovers will forever say.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

Oh, dear old story, ever young!
Poets have painted, artists sought.
Sure nought in life is half so sweet;
Death cannot make you incomplete.
Lovers have said these things before
Lovers will say them evermore.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHAT ON EARTH makes you say so?"

"I thought that you would go through a good deal of unpleasantness for the sake of saving her from trouble. You have said as much."

"I have no right to save her from anything. She must forget me."

"That is sheer nonsense—cowardly nonsense too!" said Mrs. Vane. "If Enid were on the brink of a precipice, would you hesitate to draw her back? I tell you she is breaking her heart for you, and that, if you are free to marry, and not incredibly selfish, your only way out of the difficulty is to marry her."

"She would get over it."

"No; she would die as her mother—of a broken heart."

"You can speak so calmly, remembering who killed her mother—for what you and I are responsible!"

"Look, Hubert—if you cannot speak calmly of yourself, you had better not speak at all. You seem to think that I am cold and callous. I suppose I am; and yet I am more anxious in this matter to keep Enid from grief and pain than you seem to be. I do not like to see her looking pale and sad. I would do anything in my power to help her, and I thought—I thought that you would do the same. It seems that you shrink from the task."

"It is so horrible—so unnatural! How can I ask her to be mine—I, with my hands stained——"

"Hush! I will not have you say those words! We both know—if we are to speak of the past—that it was an honorable contest enough—a fair fight—a meeting such as no man of honor could refuse. You would have fallen if he had not. It is purely morbid, this brooding over the consequences of your actions. Everybody who knew the circumstances would have said that you were in the right. I say it myself, although at my own cost. To marry Enid now because she loves you will be the only way you can take to repair the harm that was done in the past and to shield her for the future."

It was not often that Florence spoke so long or so energetically; and Hubert, in spite of his revolt of feeling at the prospect held out to him, was impressed by her words.

After a few moments' silence, he sat down again and began to argue the matter from every possible point of view. He told her that it was probable that Enid did not know her own mind; that she would be miserable if she married a man who could not love her; that the whole world would cry shame on him if it ever learned the circumstances of her father's death; that Enid herself would be the first to reproach him, and would indeed bitterly hate him if she ever knew.

"If she ever knew—if the world ever knew!" said Florence scornfully.

Hitherto she had been very quiet and let her brother say his say.

"As if she or the world were ever going to know! There is no way in which the truth can be known unless one of us tell it; and I ask you, is that a thing that either of us is very likely to do? It would mean a social ruin for us—utter and irretrievable ruin! If we only hold our tongues, Enid and the world will never know."

"That is true," he answered moodily; and then he sat so long in one position, with his arms crossed on his breast and his eyes fixed on vacancy, that Florence asked him with some curiosity of what he was thinking.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether that poor wretch Westwood found his undeserved punishment more galling than I sometimes find the bonds of secrecy and falsehood and dishonor that bind me now. He at any rate has gained his freedom; but I am in bondage still. I have my sentence—a life sentence—to work out."

"He is free now, certainly," Florence answered, with an odd intonation of her voice; "so I do not think that you need trouble yourself about him. Think of Enid rather, and of her needs."

"Free? Yes—he is dead," said Hubert quickly, replying to something in her tone rather than to her words. "He died as I told you—some time ago."

"You read it in the newspaper?"

"Yes."

"And you never saw that the next day the report of his death was contradicted?"

"Florence, what do you mean?"

"You went away from England just then with a mind at ease, did you not? But I was here, with nothing to do but to think and brood and read; and I read more than that. There were two men named Westwood at Portland, and the one who died—as was stated in next day's paper—was not the one we knew."

"And he is in prison all this time? Don't you see that that makes my guilt the worse—brings back all the intolerable burden, renders it simply impossible that I should ever make an innocent girl happy?"

His voice was hoarse, and the veins on his forehead stood out like huge knotted cords.

"Sit down," said Flossy calmly, "and listen to me. I have an odd story to tell you. The man of whom we speak managed to do what scarcely another convict has done in recent times—he escaped. He nearly killed the warder in his flight, but not quite—so that counts for nothing. It is rumored that he reached America, where he is living contentedly in the backwoods. I can show you the newspaper account of his escape. I thought," she added a little cynically, "that it might relieve your mind to hear of it; but it does not seem to do so. I fancied that you would be glad. Would you rather that he were dead?"

"No, no; Heaven knows that I rejoice in his escape!" cried her brother, sitting down again with his forehead bowed upon his clasped hands and his elbows on his knees. "I have blood-guiltiness enough already upon my soul. Glad? I am so glad, Florence, that I can almost dare to thank God that Westwood is alive and has escaped. I—I shall never escape!"

* * * * * *

Enid had the look of a veritable snow-queen, thought Hubert, as he came upon her a day or two later in a little salon opening out of the drawing-room, and found her gazing out upon a landscape of which all the lines were blurred in the falling snow.

She was dressed in a white woollen gown, which was confined at her waist by a simple white ribbon and had white fur at the throat and wrists. The dead-white suited her delicate complexion and golden hair; she had the soft and stainless look of a newly-fallen snowflake, which to touch were to destroy. Hubert almost felt as if he ought not to speak to one so far removed from him—one set so high above him by her innocence and purity. And yet he was bound to speak.

"You like the snow?" he began.

"Yes—as much as I like anything."

"At your age," he said, "you should like everything."

"You think I am so very young!"

"Well—seventeen."

"Oh, but I don't feel young at all!" the girl said half wearily, half bitterly. "I seem to have lived centuries! You know, cousin Hubert, there are very few girls of my age who have had all the trouble that I have had."

"You have had a great deal—you have been the victim of a tragedy," said Hubert gloomily, not able to deny the truth of her remark, even while he was forced to remember that many other girls of Enid's age had far more real and tangible sorrow than had she.

The vision of a girl pleading with him to find her work flashed suddenly across his mind; her words about London Bridge—"her last resource"—occurred to him; and his common sense told him that after all Enid's position, sad and lonely though it was, could scarcely be called so pitiable as that of Cynthia West.

But it was not his part to tell her so; his own share in producing Enid's misfortune sealed his lips.

What he said however was almost too direct an allusion to the past to be thought sympathetic by Enid. A very natural habit had grown up at Beechfield Hall of never mentioning her father's fate; and this silence had had the bad result of making her brood over the matter without daring to reveal her thoughts.

The word "tragedy" seemed to her almost like a profanation. It sent the hot blood rushing into her face at once.

Enid's organization was peculiarly delicate and sensitive; her knowledge of the publicity given to the details of her father's death was a torture to her.

She was glad of the seclusion in which the General lived, because, when she went into Whitminster, she would hear sometimes a rumor, a whispered word—"Look—that is the daughter of Sydney Vane who was murdered a few years ago! Extraordinary case—don't you remember it?"—and the consciousness that these words might be spoken were unbearable to her. Hubert had touched an open wound somewhat too roughly.

He saw his mistake.

"Forgive me for speaking of it," he said. "I fancied that you were thinking of the past."

"Oh, no, no—not of that!" cried Enid, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Of other troubles?" Hubert queried very softly.

It was natural that he should think of what Flossy had said to him quite recently.

"Yes, of other things."

"Can you not tell me what they are?" he said, gently taking one of her slight hands in his own.

"Oh, no—not you!"

She was thinking of him as Florence's brother, possibly even as Florence's accomplice in a crime; but he attributed her refusal to a very different motive.

Tell him her troubles? Of course she could not do so, poor child, when her troubles came from love of him. He was not a coxcomb, but he believed that Flossy had said.

"Not me? You cannot tell me?" he said, drawing her away from the cold uncurtained windows with his hand still on hers. "And can I do nothing to lighten your trouble, dear?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"I—don't—know."

"Enid, tell me."

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I can't tell you—I can't tell any one—I must bear it all alone!"—and then she burst into tears, not into noisy sobs, but into a nearly silent passion of grief which went to the very heart of the man who stood at her side.

She drew her hand away from his, and laid it upon the mantelpiece, which she crept to and leaned against, sobbing miserably meanwhile, as if she needed the support that solid stone could give.

Her slender figure, in its close-fitting white gown, shook from head to foot. It was as much as Hubert could do to restrain himself from putting his arm round it, drawing it closely to him, and silencing the sobs with kisses.

But his feeling was that of a grown-up person to a child whom he wanted to comfort and protect, not that of a man to the woman whom he loved.

He waited therefore silently, with a fixed look of mingled pain and determination upon his face, until she had grown a little calmer. When at last her figure ceased to vibrate with sobs, he came closer and put his hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

"Enid," he said, "I have asked you before if I could make you happier; you never answered the question. Will you tell me now?"

She raised herself from her drooping attitude, and stood with averted face; but still she did not speak.

"Perhaps you hardly know what I mean. I am willing—anxious—to give my whole life to you, Enid, my child. If you can trust yourself to my hands, I will take such care of you that you shall never know trouble or sorrow again, if care can avert it. Give me the right to do this for you, dear. You shall not have cause to repent your trust. Look at me, Enid, and tell me that you trust me."

Why that insistence on the word "trust"? Was it—strange contradiction—because he felt himself so utterly unworthy of her confidence? He said not a word of love.

Enid looked round at him at last. Her gentle face was pale, her lashes were wet with tears, but the traces of emotion were not unbecoming to her. Even to Hubert's cold eyes, cold and critical in spite of himself, she was lovelier than ever.

"I want to trust you—I do trust you," she said; but there were trouble and perplexity in her voice. "I don't know what to do. You would not let me be deceived Hubert? You would not let dear uncle be tricked and cheated into thinking—thinking—by Flossy, I mean—— Oh, I can't tell you! If you knew what I know, you would understand."

Hubert had never been in greater danger of betraying his own secret. Knowing of no other, his first instinctive thought was that Enid had learnt the true story of her father's death and Flossy's share in bringing it about; but a second thought, quickly following the first, showed him that in that case she would never have said that she wanted to trust him, or that he would not let her and her uncle be deceived. No, it could not be that. But what was it?

By a terrible effort he kept himself from visibly blenching at her words. He stood still holding her hands, feeling himself a

villain in the very lowest depths of his soul but looking quietly down at her, with even a slight smile on the lips that—do what he would—had turned pale—the ruddy firelight glancing on his face prevented this change of color from being seen.

"But how can I understand," he said, "when I have not the slightest notion of what you mean?"

"You have not?"

"Not the least in the world."

She crept a little closer to him.

"You are not sheltering Flossy from punishment?"

It was what he had been doing for the past eight years.

"Good heavens, Enid," he cried losing his self-possession a little for the first time, "what on earth can you possibly mean, anyway?"

She thought he was indignant, and she hastened tremblingly to appease his apparent wrath.

"I don't mean to accuse you or her," she said; "I have said a great deal too much. I can trust you, Hubert—oh, I am sure I can! Forgive me for the moment's doubt."

"If you have not accused me, you have accused my sister. I must know what you mean."

"Forgive me, cousin Hubert! I can't tell you—even you."

"But, my dear Enid, if you say so much, you must say more."

"I will never say anything again!" she said, her face quivering all over like that of a troubled child.

He loosed her hands and looked at her steadily for a moment; he had more confidence in his power over her now.

"I think you should make me understand what you mean, dear. Do you accuse my sister of anything?"

She looked frightened.

"No, indeed I do not. I don't know what I am saying Hubert. Tell me one thing. Do you think we should ever do wrong—or what seems to be wrong—for the sake of other people's happiness? Clergymen and good people say we should not; but I do not know."

"Enid, you have not been consulting that parson at Beechfield about it?"

"Not exactly. At least"—the ingenuous face changed a little—"we talked on the subject, because he knew that I was in trouble, but I did not tell him anything. He said that one should always tell the truth at any cost."

"And theoretically one should do so," said Hubert, trying to soothe her, yet feeling himself a corrupter of her innocent candor of mind as he went on; "but practically it would not be always wise or right. When you marry, Enid"—he drew her towards him—"you can confess to your husband, and he will absolve you."

"Perhaps that is what would be best," she answered softly.

"To no man but your husband, Enid."

She drew a quick little sigh.

"You can trust me?" he said, in a still lower voice.

"Oh, yes," she said—"I am sure I can trust you! It was only for a moment—you must not mind what I said. You will set it all right when you know."

He was silent, seeing that she had grasped his meaning more quickly than he had anticipated, and had, in fact, accepted him, quite simply and confidently, as her husband that was to be. Her child-like trust was at that moment very bitter to him. He bent his head and kissed her forehead as a father might have done.

"My dear Enid," he said, "we must remember that you are very young. I feel that I may be taking advantage of your inexperience—as if some day you might reproach me for it."

"I told you I did not feel young," she said gently; "but perhaps I cannot judge. Do what you please."

The listlessness in her voice almost angered Hubert.

"Do you not love me then?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, yes—I always loved you!" said the girl.

But there was no look of a woman's love in her grave eyes.

"You were always so kind to me, dear cousin Hubert; and indeed I feel as if I could trust you absolutely. You shall decide for me in everything."

There was certainly relief in her tones; but Hubert had looked for something more.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for several days," he said, "but I have not had the opportunity before; and I must tell you, dear, that I spoke to the General before I spoke to you."

"Oh!"

Enid's fair face flushed a little.

"I thought—I did not know that you intended—when you began to speak to me first, I mean——"

Hubert could not help smiling.

"I understand; you thought I spoke on a sudden impulse of affection, longing to comfort and help you. So I did. But that is not incompatible with previous thought and preparation, is it? Surely my care for you—my love for you—would be worth less as a sudden growth than as a plant of long and hardy growth?"

He groaned inwardly at the subterfuge contained in the last few words, but he felt that it was unavoidable.

Enid looked up and gave him an answering smile.

"Oh, yes, I see!" she said hurriedly; but there was some little dissatisfaction in her mind, she did not quite know why.

Even her innocent heart discerned the fact that Hubert was not her ideal lover. His wooing had scarcely been ardent in tone; and to find that it had all been discussed, mapped out, as it were, and formally permitted by the General, and perhaps by his wife, gave her a sudden chill.

For Flossy's interpretation of Enid's melancholy was by no means a very true one.

She had dreamed a little of Hubert in a vague romantic way, as young girls are apt to do when a new-comer strikes their fancy; but she had not set her heart upon him at all in the way which Florence had led her brother to believe.

There was certainly danger lest she should do so now.

"The General says," Hubert went on more lightly, "that you cannot be expected to know your own mind for a couple of years. What do you say to that?"

"I think that Uncle Richard might know me better," said the girl, smiling. She was still standing on the hearth-rug, and Hubert put his arm around her as he spoke.

"And he will not consent to even an engagement until you are eighteen, Enid. But he did not forbid me to speak to you and ask you whether you cared for me, and if you would wait two years."

"Oh, why should it be so long?" the girl cried out; and then she turned crimson, seeing the meaning that Hubert attached to her words. "I only mean," she said, that I wanted to tell you everything that was in my mind just now."

"And can't you do it now, little darling."

"No, not now."

"I must wait for that, must I? We must see if we can soften the General's obdurate heart, my dear. But you are not unhappy now?"

To his surprise, the shadow rose again in her beautiful eyes, the lips fell into their old mournful lines.

"I don't know," she said sadly. "I ought not to be; but after all, perhaps this does not make things any better. Oh, I wish I could forget what I know—what I have heard.

"It is about Flossy?" said Hubert, in a whisper.

She hid her face upon his shoulder without a word.

"My poor child, I am half inclined to think that I can guess. I know that Flossy's life has not been all that it should have been. No, don't tell me—I will not ask you again unless you wish to confide in me."

"You said you did not know."

"I do not know—exactly; but I suspect; and, my dear Enid, we can do nothing. Make your mind easy on that point. Our highest duty now is to keep our tongues still."

He thought, naturally enough, that she had heard of Florence's secret interviews with Sydney Vane—so much, he was certain, even the village-people knew—that in her visits to the cottages she had heard some story of the kind and had been distressed—that was all.

"Do you really think so?" said Enid, clinging to him. She was only too thankful to get rid of the responsibility of judging for herself. "You do not think that uncle Richard ought to know?"

"My dear girl, what an idea! Certainly not! Do you want to break the old man's heart?"

"He is very fond of little Dick," softly murmured Enid, rather to herself than to him.

He did not lay hold of the clue that her words might have given him if he had attended to them more closely.

He went on encouragingly—

"And of his wife too. No, dear, we cannot wreck his happiness by scruples of that kind. We must endure our knowledge—or our suspicions—in silence. Besides what you have heard may not in the least be true."

"Do you think so, Hubert?" she said wistfully.

"It is better surely to take a charitable view, is it not?"

"Oh, thank you! That is just what I wanted!" she said, a new brightness stealing into her eyes and cheeks. "Yes, I am sure that I must have been hard and uncharitable. I will try to think better things. And, oh, Hubert, you have made me feel happy now!"

"That is what I wanted," said Hubert with a sigh, as for the first time he pressed his lips against hers. "Your happiness, Enid, is all that I wish to secure."

He was in earnest; and it did not seem hard to him that in trying to secure her happiness he had perhaps lost his own.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GRAND Morning Concert will be given on Thursday, June 25th, at Ebury's Rooms, by the pupils of Madame della Scala. By kind permission of Mr. Mapleson, the following artists will appear." Then followed a list of well-known operatic vocalists, also Miss This, That, and the Other—"and Miss Cynthia West." The last half-dozen names were not as yet famous.

The above intimation, together with much detail concerning time, place, and performers, was printed on a very large gilt-edged card; and two such cards, enclosed in a thick square envelope, lay upon Hubert Lepel's breakfast-table some months after the New Year's holiday which he had spent at Beechfield Hall.

He looked at them with an amused, interested smile, and read the words more than once—then, with equal interest, perused a programme of the concert, which had also been enclosed.

"So it is to-day, is it?" he said to himself, as he finished his cup of coffee. "She is late in sending me a ticket; I shall scarcely be able to nail any of the critics for her now. I would have got Garney to write her a notice if I had known earlier. Probably that is the reason why she did not let me know—independent young woman that she is! I'll go and see what I can do for her even at the eleventh hour. She shall have a good big bouquet for her debut, at any rate!"

He sallied forth, making his way to his club, where he found occasion to remark to more than one of his friends that Madame della Scala's concert would be worth going to, and that a young lady who had formerly known in the theatrical world—Miss Cynthia West—would make her debut as a public singer that afternoon.

Meeting Marcus Gurney, the well-known musical critic of an influential paper, soon afterwards, he pressed upon him his spare ticket for the concert, and gave him to understand that it would be a really good-natured thing if he would turn in at Ebury's Rooms between three and four and write something for the *Scourge* that would not injure that very promising debutante, Miss West. Marcus Gurney laughed and consented, and Hubert went off well pleased; he had at least stopped the mouth of the bitterest critic in London, he reflected—for, though Gurney was personally one of the most amiable of men, he could be very virulent in print. Then he went off to Covent Garden, and selected two of the loveliest bouquets he could find—one, of course, for Cynthia, and one for her teacher, Madame della Scala. For Hubert was wise in his generation.

He had seen very little of Cynthia West during the last few months, and had not heard her sing at all. Shortly after his second interview with her, he had sent her to Italy for the winter, so that she might have a course of lessons from the most celebrated teacher in Milan. He was gratified to hear that there had been at least nothing to unlearn.

Old Lalli had done his work very thoroughly; he had trained her voice as only a skilled musician could have done; and on hearing who had been her teacher, the great Italian maestro had thrown up his hands and asked her why she came to him.

"You will have no need of me," he had said to her. "Lalli—did you not know?—he was once our *primo tenore* in opera! He would have been great—ah, great—if he had not lost his voice in an expedition to your terrible England! So he stayed there and played the violin, did he? And he taught you to sing with your mouth round and close like that—my own method! La, la, la, la! We shall see you at La Scala before we have done!"

But, when the spring came, and he himself was about to fulfil an engagement in Berlin, he handed Cynthia over to the care of Madame della Scala, who was then going to England, and advised her to sing in public—even to take a professional engagement—if she had the chance, and, if not, to spend another winter under his tuition in Milan.

So Cynthia came back to London in May, and lived with Madame della Scala, and was heard by nobody until the day of the annual semi-private concert which Madame della Scala loved to give for the benefit of herself and her best pupils.

Hubert reached the rooms at three precisely.

He might easily have sent in his name and obtained a little chat with Cynthia beforehand in the artist's room; but he did not care to do that.

He wanted to see her first; he was curious to know whether her new experiences had taken effect upon her, and how she would bear herself before her judges.

He had seen her once only since her return from Italy, and then but for a few minutes in the society of other people. He could not tell whether she was changed or not; and he was curious to know.

She had written to him from Italy several times—letters like herself, vivacious, sparkling, full of spirit and humor. He knew her very well from these letters, and he was inclined to wish that he knew her better.

He would see how she looked before she knew that he was present; it would be amusing to note whether she found him out or not.

Thus he argued to himself; and then, with perverse want of logic, after saying that he did not wish her to know that he was there, he sent his bouquets to the green-room for teacher and pupil alike, and compromised matters by attaching his card to Madame's bouquet only, and not to that which he sent to Cynthia West—a feeble compromise certainly, and entirely ineffectual.

He seated himself on a green-colored bench on the right-hand side of the room, and looked round him at the audience.

It consisted largely of mothers and other relatives of the pupils, some of whom came from the most aristocratic houses in England—largely also of critics, and of musical persons with long flowing hair and note-books.

Hubert knew Madame della Scala's reputation; it was here that the *impresario* on the watch for new talent always came—it was here that the career of more than one famous English singer had been successfully begun.

It was of some importance therefore that Cynthia should sing her best and do her utmost to impress her audience.

Having looked about him and consulted his programme, Hubert glanced at the platform, and was aware that a little comedy was being enacted for the benefit of all persons present.

Madame della Scala was first led forward by a bevy of admiring girls, Cynthia not being one, and made her bow to the audience with an air of gracious hospitality that was very effective indeed.

She was a dark, thin little woman who had once been handsome and was still striking in appearance. She had been an operatic singer in days gone by, and had taken up the profession of a teacher only when her vocal powers began to fail. In demi-toilette, with ribbons and medals adorning her square-cut bodice, long gloves on her hands and a fan between her fingers the little lady curtseyed, smiled, gesticulated, in a charmingly foreign way which procured for her the warmest plaudits of the audience. One felt that, though she herself was not about to perform in person, she considered herself responsible for the efforts of her pupils, and made herself fascinating on their behalf.

A large screen was placed on one side of the platform, and a grand piano nearly filled the other side, leaving a central space for the performers. At first Hubert had wondered why the screen was there. Now he saw its use.

Madame della Scala seated herself in a chair behind it, with her face to the singers—evidently under the delusion that her figure was completely hidden from the audience, and that she could, unseen, direct, stimulate, or reprove the singers by movements of her head, hands, handkerchief, and fan.

The manœuvre would have been successful enough but for the fact that the back of the platform was entirely filled with a sheet of looking-glass, and that in this mirror her gestures and facial contortions were all distinctly visible to the greater number of the listeners. Hubert found great satisfaction in watching the different expressions of her countenance; he told himself that Madame's face was the most interesting

part of the performance.

How sweetly she smiled at her favorite pupils from the shadow of the screen! How she nodded her head and beat time with her fingers to the songs they sung! How, in moments of uncontrollable excitement, she waved her hands and swayed her body and gesticulated with her fan! It was a comedy in dumb show. And, as each girl-singer, after performing her part and curtseying to the audience, passed her teacher on the way to the artists' room, Madame seized her impulsively by both hands and drew her down to impress a kiss of satisfaction on the performer's forehead.

The woman's old charm as an actress, the Southern grace and excitability, and warmth, were never more evident than when reflected in Madame's movements behind the screen that afternoon, and visible to the audience—did she know it after all?—only in a looking-glass.

The humor of the situation impressed Hubert, and made him glad that he had come.

The whole scene had something foreign, something half theatrical about it. An English teacher of music would have effaced herself—would have shaken with nervousness and scowled at her pupils. Madame had no idea of effacing herself at all. She was benignity, affability incarnate.

The girls were all her "dear angels," who were helping to make her concert a great success.

When, at a preconcerted signal in the middle of the afternoon, she was led forward by one of her most distinguished pupils, and presented by a group of adoring girls with a great basket of flowers, her whole face beamed with satisfaction, her medals and orders and brooches twinkled responsively as she curtseyed, waved her fan, spread out her lace and silken draperies, and slid gracefully back into the screen's obscurity once more.

Only one little *contretemps* occurred to mar the harmony of the scene. Just as Madame had returned to her seat, the screen, displaced a little by her movement, fell over, dragging down flower-pots and ferns, and almost upsetting Madame herself.

The bevy of girls rushed to pick her up, Madame was reinstated, a little shaken and flustered, but amiable as ever, the screen was replaced more securely, and the concert proceeded with decorum.

But where all this time was Cynthia? She had not joined the cluster of girls who presented the flowers to Madame, or run to pick her up when the screen fell down.

Madame was reserving Cynthia for a great effect.

She did not appear until nearly the end of the first part of the concert, when she came on to sing an Italian aria.

"More beautiful than ever!" was Hubert's first reflection. "More beautiful than I remembered her! Is she nervous? No, I think not. Her face will take the town if her voice does not." And then he settled himself to listen.

He was far more nervous than Cynthia herself or than Madame della Scala, who was keeping time to the music with her fan behind the screen.

Cynthia's beauty, of an unusually striking order, was heightened by an excitement which lent new color to her cheeks, new fire to her eyes.

She was dressed in very pale yellow—white had been rejected as not so becoming to her dark skin as a more decided tint—and she wore a cluster of scarlet flowers on her left shoulder.

She looked like some brilliant tropical bird or butterfly—a thing of light and color, to whom sunlight was as essential as food.

Hubert felt vain of his *protegee* as he heard the little murmur of applause that greeted her appearance.

But the applause that followed her singing swamped every other manifestation of approval. Cynthia surpassed herself. Her voice and her method of singing were infinitely improved; the sweet high notes were sweeter than ever, and were full of an exquisite thrill of feeling which struck Hubert as something new in her musical development. There was no doubt about her success. No singer had roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement and admiration.

Hubert glanced at Madame della Scala. She was sitting with her hands folded, a placid smile of achievement upon her lips; she had produced all the impression that she wished to make, and for once was completely satisfied. Hubert read it in her look.

Cynthia was curtseying to the audience, when, for the first time, Hubert caught her eye—or rather it was for the first time only that she allowed him to see that she observed him; as a matter of fact, she had been conscious of his presence ever since she entered the concert-room.

She flashed a quick smile at him, bowed openly in his direction, and—as if by accident—touched the belt of her dress. He was quick enough to see what she meant; some flowers from his bouquet were fastened at her waist. He half rose from his seat, involuntarily, and almost as if he wanted to join her on the platform, then sat down again, vexed at his own movement and blushing like a school-boy. He did not know what had come to him; for a moment he had been quite embarrassed and overwhelmed by this girl's bright glance and smile.

She was certainly very handsome; and it was embarrassing—yes, it was decidedly a little embarrassing—to be recognized by her so publicly at the very moment of her first success.

"Know her?" said a voice at his shoulder—it was the voice of the critic. "Why, she's first-rate! Isn't she the girl that used to play small parts at the Frivolity? Who discovered that she had a voice?"

"Old Lalli, I believe—first-violin in the orchestra," said Hubert.

"Ah! Did he teach her, then? How did she get to Della Scala? That woman's charges are enormous—as big as the great Lamberti's!"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," returned Hubert.

"Well, Della Scala's made a big hit this time, at any rate. Old Mitcham's prowling about—from Covent Garden, do you see him? That girl will have an engagement before the day's out—mark my words! There hasn't been such a brilliant success for the last ten years."

And then the second part of the concert began, and Hubert was left once more in peace.

Cynthia's second song was a greater success even than the first. There could be no doubt that she would attain a great height in her profession if she wished to do so; she had a splendid organ, she had been well taught, and she was remarkably handsome.

Her stage-training prevented nervousness; and that she had dramatic talent was evidenced by her singing of the two airs put down for her in the programme. But she took everybody by surprise when she was encored. Instead of repeating her last aria, she said a word in the accompanist's ear, and launched at once into the song of Schubert's which she had sung in Hubert's rooms. It was a complete change from the Italian music that constituted the staple of Madame della Scala's concerts; but it revealed new capacities of passion in the singer's voice, and was not unwelcome even to Madame herself, as showing the girl's talent and versatility.

As she passed off the platform, Madame caught the girl in her arms and kissed her enthusiastically. The pupil's success was the teacher's success—and Madame was delighted accordingly.

Hubert was leaving the room at the conclusion of the concert, when an attendant accosted him.

"Beg pardon, sir! Mr. Lepel, sir?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Miss West told me to give you this, sir;" and he put a twisted slip of paper into Hubert's hand.

Hubert turned aside and read the note. He could have smiled at its abruptness—so like what he already knew of Cynthia West.

"Why didn't you come round in the interval and let me thank you? If I have been successful, it is all owing to you. Please come to see me this evening if you can. I want very much to consult you. You know my address. Madame won't let me stay now. "C. W."

"Impetuous little creature!"

Hubert smiled to himself—although Cynthia was not little.

He thrust the note into his pocket, and went home to dine and dress.

He knew Madame della Scala's ways. This old lady, with whom Cynthia was now staying, loved to hold a little reception on the evening of the day of her yearly concert, and she would be delighted to see Mr. Lepel, although she had not sent him any formal invitation. For Cynthia's sake he made up his mind to go.

"For Cynthia's sake." How lightly he said the words.

In after-days no words were fraught with deeper and sadder suggestion for him; none bowed him down more heavily with a sense of obligation and shame and passionate remorse than these—

"For Cynthia's sake."

He went that night to Madame della Scala's house, and sat for a full hour, in a little conservatory lighted with Chinese lanterns, alone with Cynthia West.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

During the Civil War in Spain, in 1874, a Spanish official stopped a newspaper correspondent, who attempted to cross the Republican lines, with a demand for his passport.

He had not one, and knew that his card—an "open sesame" at home—would not avail him, so, in default of anything better, he produced a fashionable tailor's bill, bearing the arms of sundry royal and imperial patrons on its face, and duly stamped and receipted.

A pretty pantomimic performance ensued, the journalist trying to impress upon the official's mind that the figures in the account represented his personal measurements, set down for the purpose of identification, and having ingeniously succeeded in that, he pointed triumphantly to the stamp and the signature across it as irrefragable proof of the official nature of the document, and the half-satisfied, wholly-mystified Spaniard let him go on his way, showering silent blessings on his tailor's head.

John Rives, a Washington journalist, once obtained the promise of the Assistant Postmaster General, that a friend of his should be taken on the post-office establishment the first time a vacancy occurred. Rives reminded the Assistant Postmaster General of his promise every time he saw him, but always received for answer, "No vacancy."

One day the candidate for office rushed breathless to Rives, and begged him to come to the postmaster major. The pair were soon in the big man's presence, when he, guessing their errand, hastened to pronounce the familiar words, "No vacancy."

"Oh, yes, there is," said the candidate. "Paine is dead; drowned in the canal; I have just seen his body on the bank."

Here was an emergency. Was the postmaster major equal to it? Of course he was.

"No; there is no vacancy," he said. "Certainly, poor Paine is dead, but his place was filled an hour ago by the appointment of the man who saw him fall in!"

Rives never after that reminded the postmaster of his promise.

A puddler once took his child to be christened.

"What name," asked the parson, "shall I call the child?"

"Thoo can cawl the kid owt thoo loikes," said the father.

"Well," said the parson, "I think Benjamin is a very nice name."

"Varry weel. Cawl him Benjamin."

And the child was called Benjamin. But just as the delighted father came out of the church with his wife and child, a thought struck him. Rushing back into the church, and overtaking the parson walking down the aisle, he exclaimed—

"Hey, mister, the squeaker's a lass."

The parson was at a loss what to do under the circumstances. However, he put an "a" at the end of the name, and they called the child "Benjamina."

A doctor was passing a stonecutter's yard.

"Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" he exclaimed, cordially, adding, with a smiling sarcasm, "hard at work, I see. I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as, 'In Memory of,' and then wait for some to die?"

"Why, yes, doctor," said Old Mortality, "I do; unless sombody's ill, and you're doctoring 'em, then I keep right on;" which was rough on the good practitioner.

As a rule, braggarts are easily scared; but a French bootmaker once proved an exception to the rule. He was fond of boasting that nothing could frighten him, and two young fellows resolved to put him to the test.

One of them shammed dead, and the other prevailed upon the bootmaker to watch the body through the night. Being busy he took his tools with him and worked beside the "corpse."

Towards midnight he began to sing, having been exhilarated by a cup of strong coffee which had been brought to him. Suddenly the corpse arose in his winding sheet, and said in the most sepulchral tones—

"When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing!"

The shoemaker was startled, but, recovering his self possession in a moment, he dealt the corpse a blow on the head with his hammer, as he said—

"When a man is dead he should not speak!"

Bric-a-Brac.

HUSBAND AND FATHER.—The young Cree Indian husband is a stranger within his wife's parents' gates till he is the father of "the Little Buffalo," or whatever his child's name may be. He has now a status, is recognized, and is no longer boy-exiled.

DEATH AND HYMNS.—In a village in New England the following superstitious belief is prevalent: During services in the church, if the church clock strikes while a hymn is being sung, the belief is that some parishioner will die within the week. So strong is this belief that the striking mechanism of the clock is always stopped during services in which hymns are sung.

HALF AND HALF.—A strange custom prevails with respect to matrimonial contracts among the natives of Northern Siberia. When a young native desires to marry, he goes to the father of the girl of his choice, and a price is agreed upon, one-half of which is then paid down. The prospective son-in-law at once takes up his residence with the family of his lady-love, and resides with them a year. If at the end of that time he still desires to marry the girl he can pay the other half, and they are married on the next visit of the priest; if he does not want to marry her he need not do so, and simply loses the half he paid at the start.

"THE VASU."—Most prominent among the public oddities of Fiji is the Vasu. The word means a nephew or a niece, but becomes a title of office in the case of the male, who, in some localities, has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle or those under his uncle's power. Vasus are of three kinds: the Vasu tankei, and the Vasu levu, and the Vasu; the last is a common name, belonging to any nephew whatever. Vasu tankei is a term applied to any Vasu whose mother is a lady of the land in which he is born. No material difference exists between the power of a Vasu tankei and that of a Vasu levu, which latter title is given to every Vasu born of a woman of rank and having a first-class chief for his father. Vasu tankei can claim anything belonging to a native of his mother's land, excepting the wives, home and land of a chief.

SUPERSTITION, OR WHAT?—The worship of serpents in India is common enough, but it takes rather a practical form in the vicinity of the little road-side station of Kuram, within a short distance of which is a village called Cawtha. In a grove of trees here there is a masonry temple dedicated to the serpent deity, in whom the people of the neighborhood have implicit faith. They assert that by worshipping this deity they enjoy complete immunity from snake-bites, deaths from which have been unknown within the boundary of their village from time immemorial. It is said that even when bitten by a snake, if the patient is quickly brought to the temple, he will not die from the bite. Should he be too far from the temple to be brought before the poison has worked its way into the blood, he has only to invoke the deity by name and place a large stone—a mill-stone if possible—on his head, squat down, drink water at intervals, and he will most assuredly be cured.

THE HUNTERS SAINT.—Saint Hubert, a Frenchman, was the most intrepid huntsman in all Christendom. The banner, carried by his votaries, is of green and gold—the staff surmounted by a gilt staghorn. It is always borne by the oldest huntsman of the district. At the Chapel of Saint Hubert at Royaumont, on the edge of the forest of Chantilly, part of the leathern jerkin of the Saint is preserved. A sniff at the jerkin was allowed on Saint Hubert's Day to the hounds of the Prince de Conde, who were brought over from Chantilly, after being blessed at the Mass of the Parish Church. In the thread lining of the jerkin lies the power of healing hydrophobia. This lining is made of the coarsest hempen canvas cloth, not much finer than the sail-cloth in use for the fishing-smacks of our days, and yet every fibre of its texture is beyond price, nay, every thread is measured to a half and a quarter millimetre, and the smallest measurement, even when scarcely visible to the naked eye, might be sold, were it possible of acquisition, for a formidable sum. And strange to say, the superstition of the holy "doublure" retains as great a power over the minds of the upper classes as over those of the uneducated peasants themselves.

ONE hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

ON THE BORDERLAND.

BY L. M. S.

Stay, kindly death, ere yet our solemn way
Be entered on. Thou art the tardy friend
I waited for through many a weary day,
That thou might'st lead me to my journey's end.
Through all my loud-voiced woe thou didst not come,
Nor yet when low I lay in sorrow dumb!

Thy smile is cold, as if all incomplete
Were my poor fragment of a lowly life.
How often weary were my bleeding feet!
How weak my arm at best amidst the strife!
Yet, think not, Death, the loyal miss the ir crown;
For, God takes up what mortals frail lay down!

REJECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT is the mystic hour when the famous Chandos ghosts patrol the dark, silent corridors, when ladies in hoops and patches and gallant-looking gentlemen with silken hose and flowing locks descend from their tarnished frames in the picture-gallery to creep noiselessly about hall and staircase, when rats and mice scamper behind the old worm-eaten panels, and ordinary mortals have retired to their rooms to sleep.

Although dawn will soon be breaking, the candles are still burning in a costly-furnished bed-room in the west wing of Chandos Court, a cheerful-looking fire is roaring and blazing up the chimney, a small brass kettle is hissing merrily upon the hob, and an air of life and animation prevails, strangely at variance with the gloomy stillness on the other side of the closed door.

A beautiful ball-dress, suggestive of Worth, is lying creased and tumbled upon a low ottoman; gloves, shoes, and fans are scattered about in reckless disorder; and a girl in a soft cream-colored dressing-gown, with her brown hair falling in long wavy tresses about her shoulders and clustering in ruffled curls upon her low forehead, is sitting with her feet on the low brass fender, an empty tea-cup in her hand, meditatively surveying the glowing logs in the grate.

"Then you really think I was a success—that on the whole I played my part pretty well?" she is saying dubiously, as though she has not yet made up her mind upon the subject. "Do not hesitate to tell me if you could not hear a word I said, and if I looked a perfect guy in my powdered wig. I should like to know the truth."

"The truth indeed! If I told you the truth it would make you so conceited that you would be unbearable ever afterwards."

The speaker, Lady Chandos, stands at the opposite side of the hearth-rug, with the blaze of the fire lighting up the diamonds round her throat and in her hair, and showing the curves of her graceful figure.

No one would imagine that there is only three years' difference between the ages of Cecilia Chandos and Theo Dudley.

They have been children together and school-fellows, and now are the fastest and firmest of friends.

But their lives have been widely different since the days when they quarreled over their dolls and playthings, and toiled away at the "select seminary for young ladies."

Theo has run almost wild in a lonely country parish, where, at her father's death, she was placed under the guardianship of a bachelor uncle, seldom seeing or speaking to any one save the members of the household from week's end to week's end, and never taking part in any entertainment more exciting than a village concert, or one of the weekly sewing-meetings held during the winter months in the Reverend Algernon Smith's shabby little drawing-room.

Cecilia on leaving school was immediately plunged into the midst of society, into a very vortex of gaiety, and before the year was out had married the catch of the season, Sir James Chandos, a wealthy baronet, with a house in London and an ancient estate in Blankshire.

"The way you have deceived us all is most extraordinary," exclaims her ladyship, with sudden vehemence. "To think that the spidery child, all legs and arms, with a complexion like a haymaker's, who always used to be in disgrace for one thing or another, should be the belle of the De Wintons' ball! Theo"—casting an incredulous glance at the pretty profile—"how on earth have you managed it?"

"Nonsense!" replies the girl, with a gay ringing laugh. "Why, it is scarcely two years ago since you told me yourself that I might possibly pass in a crowd, but you were afraid I should never do anything more!"

"My dear Theo, never breathe such a thing again! If any one heard you, it would be said I must have been downright mad; and it is the surest thing in the world to be shut up in a lunatic-asylum in these enlightened days. Why, everybody was raving about you to-night! She Stoops to Conquer was the hit of the evening, and every one I spoke to declared that your Miss Hardcastle was the prettiest that had ever been seen; and, as for your acting—well, they all say you ought to go on the stage. But I shall not stand here singing your praises any longer. Tell me how you enjoyed the ball and whom you danced with. By-the-bye, how badly you write! It is scarcely possible to make out a single name"—taking up a crumpled dance programme, which has apparently done good service during the evening, and studying it intently. "To see all these wonderful hieroglyphics, one would say you had been engaged to so many Boers or Arabs. Ah, here are some initials that I can decipher! 'J. G.'—for Jack Greville, I suppose—and 'Y. M.' 'Y. M.,' 'Y. M.'"—more emphatically. "My dear Theo, how many dances did you have with 'Y. M.?' There are five here that I can make out."

"I—I—oh, I do not know!" answers Theo, endeavoring to speak in an unconcerned manner and failing signally.

"Ah, so that is how the land lies!" murmurs Lady Chandos, raising her eyebrows significantly. So poor Jack has got his nose put out of joint at last! But tell me who this 'Y. M.' is? I hope he is nice, handsome, rich, and all the rest of it; still I always had an idea that it was going to be Jack Greville—you and he were such great friends."

"You are quite mistaken—it was never any one," cries Theo with suspicious haste, bending her head to hide the crimson tint is rising mercilessly, covering her throat, face, and ears. "I do not know what you mean. I have told you over and over again that I shall never marry, that I shall live and die an old maid."

"And so I used to declare with equal vehemence, yet here I am with a husband and three children."

Lady Chandos laughs and shrugs her shoulders.

"But you know it really is essential that one should marry nowadays; a woman is so helpless without a husband."

"It is much safer to live and die an old maid—a nice comfortable old maid, without any one to worry your life out. Oh, to see some of the husbands and wives of the present day is really sad!"

"Yes," admits Lady Chandos; "no one in his senses would envy them. The husbands look so harassed, and their wives always seem to be in such a state of anxiety, as though afraid of lookers-on thinking that they are not quite all in all to their lords and masters. Now for my part I never trouble about James. I do not think that, because he cares to spend some of his time at his club, he is neglecting me. I am only too thankful to get rid of him for a little while—men are such a dreadful nuisance sometimes. Yet, for all that, if James had never asked me to marry him, there is not another man in the world to whom I would have tied myself. My advice is, marry—if the right man comes; but, if he does not, take Punch's advice, and don't! Who on earth is this mysterious 'Y. M.' with whom you condescend to dance five times this evening? 'Y. M.'—such extraordinary initials! I never heard of them before."

"Nor did I," confesses Miss Theo, clasping her hands idly behind her head; "and I do not suppose he has ever heard them himself either! The fact of the matter is he is the man who, at the last moment, offered to take Captain Grant's place in 'She Stoops to Conquer. He had acted 'Young Marlow,' and knew the part perfectly, so that we had no rehearsal; and I never saw him until he was on the stage. Of course no one thought of introducing us afterwards, when we had been acting together all the evening; so that, as he was quite a stranger there, I had no chance of finding out his name. Therefore I could only put him down on my card as 'Y. M.'—'Young Marlow.'"

"And he—did he know your name?"

"No; I believe he had no idea who I was, because I saw his card, and he had written down 'Miss Hardcastle' each time," answers Theo, laughing.

"Each time indeed," says Lady Chandos, with a dubious shake of her head; "and you knew nothing more about him?"

"Well, no—nothing excepting that I fancy he is a major in the Hussars."

"Ah, the proverbial soldier who loves and rides away!" observes her ladyship philosophically, noting the faint rose tint which is deepening in the girl's cheeks. "It is of no use, Theo—they are always a mistake. You had much better expend all your smiles on poor Jack—he will fully appreciate them; for I never saw any one look more down-hearted and thoroughly disconsolate than he did to-night, when you were whirling round the room with that gallant Major. But I must say good-night. If the meet is at ten you really ought to be in bed—you will never have strength to hold in that dreadful horse of yours; and, if you sleep upon my small piece of good advice, you will be all the better for it."

Two minutes later Lady Chandos is sweeping noiselessly along the ghostly corridor, where the moonlight, streaming in through the deep mullioned windows, is lying in broad bright bands across the oaken floor.

* * * * *

It is a typical November morning—dull, foggy, and decidedly depressing.

Overhead the sun is struggling bravely to penetrate a mass of lead-colored cloud; the ground is strewed with damp yellow leaves, which the wind has brought down during the night.

Sir James Chandos is apparently perfectly satisfied with the day and everything else as he stands beneath the large arched doorway of Chandos Court, surveying his spirited hunter and giving some last directions to the butler before setting out for a day with the Quilthorpe hounds, of which he is the Master—an office filled by his father and his grandfather before him.

"A splendid day for scent!" he murmurs, looking up complacently at the cloudy sky. "We shall have one of the best runs of the season."

And then, suddenly remembering that the low phaeton drawn by the pair of dark roan cobs, which Lady Chandos is driving this morning, has just disappeared from sight, he places his foot in the stirrup, swings himself into the saddle, and, putting spurs to his horse, starts off at a gallop down the drive.

Low Garth Farm, where the hounds are meeting this morning, is about three miles from Chandos Court. It is a splendid country for a good run, fences low and negotiable and foxes abounding in the wooded coppices around.

Being within an easy distance of Millchester, a garrison town, there is always a large contingent of military men at the meet, which is invariably one of the best of the season.

This morning is no exception to the rule. The ball of the preceding evening has only served to increase the number of huntsmen; and, despite the threatening sky and cold wind, it was a very animated scene as Lady Chandos drives up with her spirited roans.

"So you are not coming with us to-day, Lady Chandos!" exclaims a dark aristocratic-looking man, reining in his horse beside her, and bending forward to give her ladyship his hand. "Last night been too much for you, after all?"

"Yes; I am afraid I do not feel quite up to all your fences this morning," she replies, laughing. "You see we were not home until long after two o'clock, and then we had to sit over the fire and discuss everybody and everything. Poor Theo—she will be tired after it all!"

"Yes; I have just been telling Miss Dudley that she is working very hard. A play, a ball, and a hunt all within twelve or fourteen hours—it is almost too much of a good thing!"

"Yes, indeed. But where is she? I have not seen her since I arrived."

"She was here a moment ago with some of the De Wintons. Ah, yes, I see her now, just straight across! How well she looks on horseback—she sits so perfectly, and she and that splendid chestnut seem to understand each other so thoroughly! By-the-way, Lady Chandos, is that your horse?"

"No; Rob Roy is Theo's own property, and she thinks the world of him," answers her ladyship, flicking the cob's ears. "He was a present from her godfather; so she always brings him down here for the hunting every season."

"How very nice! Miss Dudley's godfather must be one worth having—rather different from the usual godfather who presents you with a mug or a fork and spoon upon your christening-day, and then considers he has done his duty. But, now, that I think of it"—and the speaker puts up his eyeglasses and looks questioningly around—"has not Miss Dudley great expectations from her godfather? Is it not said she will inherit all his immense property?"

"Yes, so every one says; but he is such a whimsical old man that I always think, just to plague everybody, he will leave the whole of his fortune to some ridiculous asylum that no one has ever heard of. It would be just like him. By-the-bye"—suddenly breaking off and bending forward eagerly—"could you tell me who that is talking to Theo now?"

"That," answers her companion, glancing across the field at a tall military-looking man, who is standing by the side of Theo's beautiful chestnut somewhat lingeringly, rearranging a refractory strap—"oh, I fancy he is one of the officers from Millchester! You will remember him no doubt from last night—he is that good-looking fellow who took the part of Young Marlow."

Lady Chandos raises her brows, then looks with even greater interest at Theo Dudley's cavalier.

Yes, he is good-looking—very good-looking indeed.

She had been struck with him the night before when he appeared upon the stage for the first time in his brown wig and long quaintly-cut riding-coat; but, as she watches him now, she comes to the conclusion that if possible, he looks even better in his irreproachable hunting-attire.

"Oh, yes, of course!" she exclaims at last.

"Major—Major——"

"Gone away! Forward! Yonder he goes!"

The huntsman's "Yoicks!" ring out clear and strong.

In a moment the hounds are streaming across a wide grass meadow in full cry after a fox which has dashed out of a covert close by, and all is bustle and confusion.

Red-faced old farmers take a last pull at their flasks, cigars are tossed indiscriminately aside, little flirtations come to an ignominious close, and everybody settles down in his or her saddle without another word.

Away goes Theo, with a wave of her hand to Lady Chandos, her whole face radiant, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkling in expectation of a delightful run.

Close to her, on her left hand, is Jack Greville, riding hard and somewhat recklessly, whilst at her right, with some yards intervening, is the hero of the previous evening—the gallant Major.

How well he looks on his fine thoroughbred, with his dark handsome face and soldierly bearing! thinks Theo; and a thrill of delight runs through her veins as, clearing a broad stream in a masterly manner, a low "Bravo!" breaks from his lips and falls distinctly upon her ears.

Jack Greville hears it too, and an expression of intense disdain passes over his face, and he brings down his hunting-crop sharply upon the shoulder of his mare.

Twenty minutes' hard run has told considerably upon the field; riderless horses are careering about in aimless enjoyment, groans are issuing from the depths of peaceful-looking ditches; and once more the flasks are brought into requisition.

Theo keeps bravely to the fore, whilst Jack Greville still pounds along laboriously by her side—resolutely, determinedly, as though he never means to leave her again.

In vain does Miss Dudley slacken speed—in vain does she put her horse to his quickest gallop, Greville is always within a few paces of her.

Drawing in her rein suddenly, as she becomes aware that her hat is not so secure as it ought to be, she glances up almost angrily to find that Greville has paused too.

"Please do not stay on my account," she says in a chilling tone, pulling off her hat and beginning to rearrange her ruffled brown locks. "I shall not be able to start again for some minutes; and it is a shame that you should not be in at the death!"

Jack Greville only lets his reins drop upon his horse's neck, and gives a cursory glance at his watch.

"See—you have plenty of time; they are waiting for Corber Wood," she cries, turning in her saddle, and rapidly scanning the country around. "If you take a short cut through Farmer Reed's stackyard you will catch up with them directly."

"You appear to be desperately anxious to get rid of me," retorts her companion gloomily, paying little heed to her directions.

"Yes, I am; you are quite right," she declares, with sudden vehemence. "I am tired of being followed about by such a cross-looking individual."

"Ah, no doubt you would have preferred to be left alone with that other fellow, so that you might flirt with him to your heart's content! But you need not trouble yourself, Miss Dudley—nothing was farther from my thoughts."

His words bring the warm blood to her cheeks; she hesitates for a moment, speechless with dismay, then she holds her head erect, and regards him disdainfully.

"Mr. Greville, do you know what you are saying?"

"Do I know what I am saying?" he reiterates wrathfully. "Yes, indeed; and more than that—I know you are treating me shamefully, scandalously, and that I have a perfect right to ask for an explanation. Six months ago you gave me every hope of accepting me sooner or later, if your uncle's consent could be obtained; and yet all at once, without any reason you suddenly throw me over, and refuse to have anything to say to me. Of course"—shrugging his shoulders—"if you have so little sense of honor, if you are accustomed to breaking your promises with such a total disregard for——"

"I do not break my promises," interposes Theo warmly. "You are talking utter nonsense; I simply said that, if I ever did marry, I would perhaps think about—your offer; but that is all; and considering there is not the least likelihood of my marrying any one at all, I cannot imagine why you should make such a commotion."

"No matter if you do dance half the evening with another fellow, and flirt to such an extent that the whole neighborhood is talking," he retorts, a ring of bitterness in his voice. "It is useless—you cannot delude me. Say honestly you are infatuated with that fool; I know you are—all girls like admiration; and he has made hard running enough in all conscience during the last twelve hours. Everybody noticed it; I heard at least a dozen different people whisper that those pretty love-scenes were not all acting—and I believe it thoroughly. But let me warn you, Miss Dudley"—suddenly changing his satirical, half-bantering tone to one of grave consideration—"that man is not so disinterested as he may appear; it is widely known that you are old Colonel Leveson's heiress!"

Theo looks up at him in great astonishment.

For a moment speech seems to fail her, all the color goes from her face; then suddenly, with a glance of utter contempt, she takes up her reins, and brings down her whip sharply upon the chestnut's shoulder.

Detecting her intention, Greville wheels quickly round, and is about to lay a detaining hand upon the bridle; but Rob Roy is not accustomed to such treatment as his young mistress's hands.

He starts, rears, and, tossing up his head, is off at a rattling pace across the stretch of open country before him.

Away goes the fiery chestnut, with dilated nostrils, over fences and ditches, up-hill and down-hill, as though he never means to pause again.

For the first five minutes Theo cares nothing for the recklessness of his great speed.

Drawing her hat farther over her eyes, she bends her head to the wind, and lets him go to his heart's content; but five minutes' hard run finds him in no way anxious to lessen his pace.

He still seems as determined as ever to cover four or five miles of the rough uneven ground, which is now telling upon Theo's rapidly-failing strength.

In vain does she tighten the reins and

pull the curb; in her tenderest tones she implores Rob Roy to stay; she stretches out one hand and lays it soothingly upon his sleek arched neck, but to no purpose; and the sight of a high stone wall, rising grim and foreboding some fifty yards ahead, causes a sickening sensation of impending evil to take possession of her.

Her brain reels, the wall fades away in the distance, she feels the chestnut rise; she is conscious of a strange tottering—a quick backward movement—and then there is a heavy thud upon the ground, and she remembers no more.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU are better now."

Theo opens her eyes, and makes a faint effort to move; but a dreadful feeling of lassitude comes over her, her head sinks back again, and her eyes close.

She wonders where she is, what has happened, and what can be the meaning of the sense of fatigue, the extraordinary aching of her limbs.

A slight shiver passes over her, as presently vivid recollections of that terrible ride crowd upon her.

It was that wall. Roy would insist upon leaping it; and she was thrown into the cold dank ditch, where she is lying now—among numberless toads and no doubt an army of water-rats.

Yes; she can feel them crawling about her, she can hear the rats squeaking in their holes! She shudders.

How many miles can she be from home? Will anybody ever think of coming all this way to find her?

Alas, if not, she must stay there always, for ever and ever!

She is so weary, so thoroughly exhausted that, sooner than make any attempt to rise, she will lie there all night among the toads and the rats, with the chill November breeze blowing about her, and her throbbing head lying prostrate upon its stony resting place.

But surely, she thinks, some one was speaking!

Then some one must have surely found her!

She stretches out her hand to grasp the rough grassy sides of the ditch, in order to assure herself that she is really awake; she half raises her head from—can it be a pillow? A pillow in a ditch!

She opens her eyes slowly and gazes round in bewilderment, as she becomes aware that, instead of the tangled grass she had been imagining, she is clutching a gaudy-colored crochet antimacassar—that, instead of the damp ditch, she is lying upon a wide old-fashioned couch, and that the wind is produced by a fan which is being gently waited to and fro.

"Ah, you are improving now, I can see! You will soon be all right. Drink a little of this brandy—it will do you good directly."

She starts at the sound of the voice; then, suddenly waving off a glass which is being held to her lips, looks up to meet the gaze of a pair of anxious blue eyes, and to find herself face to face with the Major.

"Wherever am I? How have I got here?" she stammers, gazing round at the low-ceiled, small, primitively-furnished room.

The Major smiles.

"It is a cottage which fortunately happened to be quite close to the scene of your disaster. No, do not attempt to move; at present you are much better lying still."

Theo passes her hand across her forehead and looks wonderingly at the tall figure by her side.

"But you," she says—"you were nowhere near when——" She shudders.

"Yes, I was," he answers quietly. "I had noticed that something was wrong, so I set off after you as hard as I could ride. I should think I must have been with you in about two minutes."

"And what had happened then? I was unconscious, I suppose."

"Yes, quite. You have had a wonderful escape. I am sure every one ought to be thankful you were not killed. You certainly looked like death when I rescued you from the bottom of that ditch; but you soon began to recover, and now you are almost yourself again," he adds in a more hopeful tone, as he notes the color gradually returning to the girl's pale cheeks.

Theo lets her hand sink back contentedly amongst the cushions.

"Yes, I do feel better," she says, with a smile; "but I wonder how it all happened."

The Major shrugs his shoulders.

"It is easy enough to see how the accident happened," he replies, taking up his hunting-crop and tapping the toe of his boot meditatively; "but the mystery is, whatever made your horse start off at that perilous speed? It seems so extraordinary, for only a few minutes before I saw him standing as quiet as a lamb."

Then she suddenly remembers what took place, and the blood rushes to her cheeks.

Greville's words, his insinuations! How had he dared to speak to her as he did?

The Major, looking down at her, perceives the sudden return of color with a feeling of relief, the death-like whiteness of her face having caused him some uneasiness, but he does not see the angry gleam in her eyes.

She raises her head from the pillows, and makes a more effectual effort to rise.

"I—I am so dreadfully sorry that all this has happened!" she says in a low faltering tone. "You must have missed such a good run. By-the-bye, how did you manage to bring me here?"

"Oh, easily!" returns her companion quickly. "You were not very heavy"—smiling, as she looks wonderingly up at him.

"You carried me?"

"I could not ask your leave," he says, laughing at the somewhat perplexed expression which crosses Theo's face.

"It was very good of you, I am sure," she returns, with a grateful glance. "But I am quite forgetting about poor Roy. How is he? Did they catch him without much trouble?"

"Roy!" echoes the Major, suddenly contracting his brows as he encounters the girl's anxious gaze. "Is that the horse you were riding? He is not your own, is he?"

"Yes, he is—my own. I never hunt unless I can have Roy, he is such a beauty; but the worst of it is I am always so afraid of anything happening to him."

All this time the Major has been standing by her side; now however, without a word, he turns abruptly away, and, walking up to the window, becomes apparently engrossed in the wintry scene outside.

Theo looks after the tall figure in amazement.

"You are sure he was caught?" she says, in a tone of faint incredulity.

"Yes, he was caught," answers the Major, not turning his head or averting his eyes for one moment from the diamond-shaped panes before him.

"And he—he is all right?"

Theo has risen to her feet, and has moved two steps towards him; but suddenly she pauses, the room appears to be swimming round her, a dark cloud seems to be coming down from the ceiling, lower and lower, and in the distance, against the faint glimmering light of the window, the Major's head, his red coat, splashed leathers and tops are rapidly merging into one impenetrable blot.

"Oh, why do you not say something—why do you not speak?" she gasps. "No, no—do not try to deceive me! I know all—he is dead!"

For a few moments not a sound breaks the death-like stillness of the room except the faint crackling of the burning logs on the hearth and the monotonous ticking of the old eight-day clock.

Theo sinks down once more on to the couch with a strained bewildered expression upon her face, whilst the Major turns reluctantly towards her, and, with his hands plunged into his pockets, stands gazing sorrowfully upon the bowed head and the white stricken face of the girl before him.

"He suffered very little pain," he says at length in a low tone, becoming alarmed at her stillness and pallor. "There is one comfort, it was all over directly; and, besides, it was not your fault."

"Yes, but it was my fault; I—I know it was!" cries Theo brokenly, suddenly clasping her hands with a gesture of despair. "It was my fault entirely—I touched him with my whip for nothing at all; and he never would be whipped."

This last thought is too much for her; the tears which have been quickly gathering overflow and stream down her cheeks, and sob after sob breaks from her lips.

Those sobs pierce the Major's heart and make him wince.

He had been sorry about the death of poor Roy—very sorry indeed—but now he feels that he would give everything he possesses if he could recall him to life.

He looks despairingly at the slender figure in the mud-stained habit, and then, sitting down by her side, takes her hand in his.

This is the picture which meets Jack Greville's eyes as he pushes open the door of the small parlor, and then stops suddenly on the threshold.

It is an unpropitious moment; the Major abruptly drops Miss Dudley's hand and springs to his feet, while Theo pulls out her handkerchief and hastily brushes away her tears, but not before Greville has stood a silent spectator of them for at least thirty seconds, with an expression of intense annoyance.

"Confound the fellow!" he mutters beneath his breath. "What impudence!"—and then, advancing into the room and looking at Theo, he says aloud:

"Lady Chandos has sent the carriage for you; I have come to take you home."

It is certainly an uncongenial meeting, and for the moment words absolutely fail poor Theo, as her eyes rest upon the gloomy countenance of the new-comer, who seems to her so closely connected with the unhappy fate of her beautiful horse.

As for the Major, he is only too well aware of the frown which is contracting Greville's brow, and, with some trifling remark, he turns slowly away.

"You are ready to come, I suppose?" proceeds Greville brusquely. "From what the good woman of this cottage said, I fancied I should find you in the last stage of exhaustion, but"—with a sarcastic inflection—"you do not look much the worse for your accident."

"Yes, I am ready to start now," replies Theo, ignoring the latter part of his sentence, "if the carriage is there. I suppose we had better not keep it waiting. But you"—rising to her feet and looking quickly towards the Major, with a total disregard for Greville's feelings upon the subject—"can we take you anywhere? We should only be too glad if we could!"

"No, thank you; do not trouble about me. It is very kind of you, but I have my horse here."

The girl winces involuntarily. Alas, what would she not give to have Rob Roy to carry her home to-day—poor Rob Roy, who is lying now with stiffened limbs and glassy eyes!

Can it be only an hour ago that he was cantering along with his long easy strides, champing his bit and arching his neck in the proud consciousness of leading the field?

It seems impossible. Once more the tears well up into her eyes, and her lips quiver.

"Are you ready," interposes Greville, moving impatiently to the door, "or shall I tell the coachman?"

"No; I am coming now," answers Theo; then, turning suddenly to the Major, she says somewhat brokenly—

"Good-bye! I—I can never thank you enough for all your goodness to me to-day."

"Do not speak of it; I am only too glad to have been of any use to you," he returns, taking the hand she holds out to him. "Is there nothing more I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks, unless——"

Theo hesitates. Greville is already in the little stone-flagged passage.

"Unless you could tell me what has happened to poor Roy? I should like him to have a nice grave. I—I could not bear to think of his being sent away."

"Yes, of course; I had thought about that, and I will go now and see that everything is done as you wish."

"You—you are too good," she murmurs, with a faint sob. "I am afraid I am troubling you dreadfully."

"It is no trouble at all," he answers gravely. "I would do anything that I could to help you;" and, looking at the sweet sorrowful face with a strange earnestness in his own, he raises the hand which he is still holding closely imprisoned to his, and presses it to his lips.

The next moment Greville is back at the door again, and, without another word or even a glance in the Major's direction, Theo turns and follows him to the carriage.

It is a very silent drive to Chandos Court.

After the events of the morning the girl is not in the mood for holding conversation with Jack Greville, who, considering the circumstances in which they last parted, is perhaps the most undesirable person whom her ladyship could have chosen to act as an escort upon the present occasion; and Greville is too thoroughly aware of the want of sympathy between them to make any effort to smooth matters over.

By the time they reach the Court they have scarcely exchanged a dozen words; and he helps her out of the carriage and follows her up the steps in silence.

The hall is deserted; evidently the sound of the carriage-wheels has not penetrated the thick walls of the oak-panelled library, where everybody, no doubt, is taking afternoon tea; and Theo breathes a sigh of relief.

She does not feel anxious to see anybody at present or to parry the questions of half a dozen anxious inquirers; but, as she turns to go up-stairs, a footman comes hurrying towards her, an ominous-looking orange-colored envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for me?" she exclaims, throwing her gloves and hunting-crop upon the stairs. "Whom can it be from?"

While Theo hurriedly breaks open the envelope, and glances over the few irregularly-pencilled words, Greville stops short, and gazes anxiously at the girl's pale face.

"It is nothing, I hope—no bad news?"

The telegram flutters to the ground.

Theo passes her hand across her forehead with a gesture of weariness, almost despair, then leans back heavily against the wall.

"I am to go home at once," is the only reply she makes. "My godfather is dead!"

Greville gave a faint whistle of astonishment.

"Old Colonel Leveson!" he exclaims aghast. "By Jove!"—below his breath. "Ten thousand a year!"

* * * * * *

It has been a terrible day ever since early morning.

Storms of hail, snow, and rain have followed each other in quick succession, and now a perfect hurricane of wind is sweeping down from the distant mountains, whirling the fallen leaves along the deserted country lanes, and howling round the ivied walls of the quaint old Priory, which stands out against the dark branches of the wintry-looking trees.

Within all is warmth and brightness. A great wood fire is crackling and blazing up the library chimney, shaded lamps are casting a cheerful glow upon the costly-furnished room, and, in the distance, a faint clatter and jingling of silver announce the speedy and welcome arrival of afternoon tea.

Notwithstanding these pleasant surroundings, the girl in the sombre black gown, standing in the deep embrasure of the old stone mullioned window, looks somewhat forlorn as she beats a melancholy tattoo upon the small diamond-shaped panes, and gazes out into the rapidly-gathering dusk of the November day.

It is just a week since Theo Dudley received the telegram informing her of the death of her godfather, just a week since she left all the gaiety of Chandos Court to return to the quiet depressing atmosphere of her uncle's bachelor establishment.

Before that visit to her friend Lady Chandos she had been quite content with her lot in life; the loneliness of the Priory had never troubled her before.

As a rule she thoroughly enjoyed tramping through the muddy lanes for her weekly choir practice, never failed to take her morning walk round the poultry-yard, the piggeries, and the stable, and was always ready to make a fourth, when old Doctor Bland and the Vicar arrived for a game of whist.

She wonders why everything seems so different now—why she can think of nothing but——

"Theo!"

"Yes, uncle."

At the sound of her guardian's sharp querulous tones, the tattoo comes to an abrupt termination, and Miss Dudley glances round inquiringly at the large writing-table where the master of Oldstone Priory is engrossed with a miscellaneous assortment of business-like looking papers.

"Any more letters for me to stamp?"

"No, child—no; I have finished all my letters for to-day; but I have just been looking over some documents which I have received from Hurst & Allen, your godfather's solicitors; and it seems to me it is about time you were told something of the contents of his will. By-the-bye"—turning suddenly round, and elevating his pince-nez—"did the Colonel ever give you any idea how he intended to leave his money? Did he ever tell you that he meant to provide for you?"

"Well, yes, of course—he was always talking about his money. He has told me over and over again that I—well, that I was his heiress."

"Then he told you wrong, my dear," her uncle remarks brusquely.

"Wrong!"

Theo starts, and her cheeks turn paler.

"At the time he no doubt fully intended to leave you his whole fortune. Beyond one brother, whom a family quarrel entirely estranged in earlier days, you and I were his only connections; and, had he not bequeathed his wealth to one of us, it must necessarily have been distributed amongst so many hospitals and asylums. However," he proceeds, taking his glasses from his nose, and giving them a vigorous polishing, "as is usually the case in such matters as these, after leaving you sole legatee, the Colonel repented upon his death-bed, and bethought himself of Philip Leveson, his dead brother's child, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. The consequence is that, wishing to treat you fairly, yet being anxious to keep the estates together, he has left everything jointly to you and this nephew of his on certain conditions; and the conditions are"—pausing a moment to add greater emphasis to his words—"that you consent to marry him within twelve months!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Theo's feet she could not have looked more dismayed.

"To marry him—his nephew!" she gasps incredulously. "Uncle Robert, what do you mean?"

"I say what I mean, my dear Theo, and what I have reason to believe is true. The whole estate is yours, without any restrictions, if you marry Philip Leveson."

"And does any one suppose for one moment that I shall marry Philip Leveson—that I shall consent to such an arrangement!" she retorts indignantly.

Her uncle raises his bristling gray eyebrows and shakes his head thoughtfully.

"It is a question, my dear, upon which I dare say there will be many varied opinions; because, if you refuse to become a party to the compact, you lose everything."

"And he!"—breathlessly.

"Philip Leveson comes in for one half of the property!"

"How unfair!" exclaims Theo vehemently.

"Unfair!"

"Well, to you it may appear so; but, should he refuse to marry you, in that case you will inherit half the estate."

"Ah!"—a faint sigh escapes the girl's lips—"in that case, then, I have only to make myself utterly objectionable, and the thing is done!"

"Yes; or, even as things stand now, you have an excellent chance," observes her uncle, with an air of calm but expressive significance.

"How do you mean?" the girl asks.

"Well, so far, my dear, this nephew will have nothing to do with the matter—absolutely nothing," reiterates the old gentleman, with a slightly sarcastic inflection. "He refuses to marry you!"

"He refuses!"

"Most emphatically!"

Theo stares at her uncle in astonishment.

"Then, as he has refused to marry me, I come into the property!"

"Yes; unless"—and a smile of placid assurance spreads over the old man's hard rugged features—"you refuse also. Of course you have to meet each other before anything is done, to give you an opportunity of arriving, if possible, at a more favorable conclusion; and, knowing this, I asked him to dine here to-morrow evening, when you can both make each other's acquaintance. If, even after the interview, he still remains as determined as he was when the conditions of the will were first made known to him, things can be settled definitely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE most egotistical of the United States, "Me."; most religious, "Mass."; most Asiatic, "Ind."; father of States, "Pa."; most maidenly, "Miss."; best in time of flood, "Ark."; most useful in having time, "Mo."; decimal State, "Tenn."; State of exclamation, "La."; most astonishing State, "O."; most unhealthy State, "Ill."; State to cure the sick, "Md."; State for students, "Conn."; State where there is no such word as fail, "Kan."; not a State for the untidy, "Wash."

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the someti me guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

Mary of Linghough.

BY PAUL CUSHING.

CHAPTER IV.

THE lad was affectionate, intelligent, and docile, and grew in stature and comeliness.

Now and again Mary would take him to Shotover Park, and show him the deer, and the large house in the distance; and at such times she had hard work to keep down angry and bitter thoughts, as she reflected on Alwyne's conduct in ignoring his own flesh and blood.

She often gazed at the lad to discover in him some resemblance to his father, but she never succeeded.

Indeed, she thought him more like her husband than Alwyne, which was very curious.

Meanwhile that husband had many business engagements, and was away from home a great deal.

He led a very busy life, and a pleasant, seeing that it was a remarkably prosperous one.

Of indomitable energy, of splendid audacity, of excellent judgment, and shrewd temper, William Bunting was one of those fortunate individuals who combine very successfully the twofold character of daring speculator and sound steady business man.

All he touched seemed to turn into gold, and he touched many things.

Indian gold mines, American silver mines, South American railways, telephone patents, electric light patents, coal mines, brick works, and stone quarries; he seemed to shrink from nothing, and nothing failed him.

Whatever it might be worth before he handled it, and after he had handled, it was worth money while he handled it.

Ten years after he had become a partner in the great silk mills he had accumulated a fortune of not less than five hundred thousand pounds.

About this time there occurred an event that sent a thrill of sorrowful wonder quickly through the whole country side.

Folk could scarcely credit their ears when it was told them that Squire Paget was head over ears in debt, and was going to put Shotover to the hammer. Yet so it was, and so it happened.

The Squire, like William Bunting, had sought to increase his diminished income by speculating in foreign stocks and shares; but, unlike William Bunting, he had no special knowledge at his command, and no developed faculty for money-making.

The result being that, instead of a sheerer merrily cutting wool, he became one of the large flock of sheep that are annually shorn of all their fleece.

Failing, he fell honorably, and paid every man what he owed him. Then, broken-hearted and shame-eaten, he went abroad to die.

Shotover hall and park and the home farm were knocked down to the highest bidder—Mr. William Bunting.

On the morning of the tenth anniversary of their marriage, William Bunting presented Mary with a large vellum case superbly embossed and stamped with her monogram in gold.

Inside were several parchments which Mary read with amazement.

"I don't understand it, Will," she said presently.

"It is only a little present for you on our wedding day," answered William, laughing.

"But not Shotover, dear? You haven't bought Shotover?"

"I have though, and paid for it. And that parchment makes it yours. I would have given double, treble the price if necessary."

Mary understood what her husband meant perfectly.

She flushed crimson. She wanted to thank her husband, but somehow words were not at her command.

She had a sense of pain, and the image of the ruined Squire was very vivid in her mind.

"Are we to live there, dear?"

"I hope so. I am going to have the place thoroughly overhauled, and I hope we shall get in this coming summer. I want you to have as pretty a boudoir as a duchess; and you shall have it too, if money and skill can make it. You haven't thanked me yet," said William.

He was doing his best to conceal the bitter disappointment he felt in his wife's evident lack of enthusiasm. He felt almost wronged.

He forgot that his motive for this piece of conduct was of a very mixed character, and he did not realise that Mary was painfully aware of the fact.

Thus challenged, Mary did her best to be gracious, but William felt that the whole thing was flat, stale, and unprofitable.

By the end of summer the hall was in perfect trim. Everything was new, luxurious, and costly.

Mary's boudoir would have held its own beside that of the Duchess of Meroia.

For two days the great silk mills were closed, and hundreds of operatives—mostly young women—were given a fete champetre in Shotover Park.

On the evening of the second day William Bunting stood on the stone terrace in front of the great house, and made a speech to the assembled crowd.

What the speech lacked in grace and finish it made up in daring; it was a courageous eulogy on the Novus Homo, and the political and social conditions that are favorable to his breed.

The crowd gave him three cheers at the conclusion, and dispersed singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

In a very little time Mary felt quite at home in the great hall, but William remained much of a stranger there, in feeling.

He remembered what kind of a man was its late owner, a man who fitted the places as fitly as the deer in the park or the rooks in the tall trees, and he was conscious that he was not that kind of man.

He told himself—we know that he did not lack courage—that he was of a better kind, a kind fitter to survive.

But there is a limit to self-deception for every man, and William Bunting exceeded his limit in this instance.

In the old days of struggle and ambition he had to content himself with perfect health, but now that he had made himself he could, of course, afford the luxury of bodily ailment.

He discovered that something was wrong with him, and for a handsome fee a fashionable London doctor undertook to give it a name.

He called it heart disease. Nothing more was needed.

From that day William Bunting was furnished with a first-rate complaint, and enjoyed the luxury of thinking he might die any moment.

This went on for two years or so, until one morning after breakfast he sat down in his chair and died.

The doctor had earned his fee. He left every penny of his large fortune to Mary, unconditionally.

Also he left for her a sealed document, wherein he told her that he, and not Alwyne Paget, was the father of the fosterling.

"Mother, dear, what is it?" cried the fosterling, as Mary, having read the confession, sank fainting into a chair.

* * * * * *

One winter, some years ago, there was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery a picture called "A Memory."

It represented a girl standing near a haystack, simply dressed, with a broad country-looking hat on her head and a basket in her hand; her head was turned a little aside.

There was a singular absence of color, and only just enough light under the clouds to reveal her face.

It was the work of a comparatively unknown artist, and it was the gem of the collection.

The art critics, with marvellous unanimity, discovered its excellence and sang forth its praise.

Men who had nipped cruelly many a budding reputation with their frost of criticism, and had damned with faint praise a ship-load of promising pictures, wiped the gall from off their pens, and, dipping them in honest ink, they wrote down that No. —— was a master-piece.

Much wondering, the town went to see the thing that had conquered the many critics.

It expected to find merit of so technical and abstruse a nature as only critics could discover or appreciate, and it was delightfully disappointed.

The town came back and talked of the piece for nine days and nights.

It was the most striking, the most subtle, the most pathetic, and the most beautiful bit of figure-painting it had seen for many a day.

"Who was the painter?"

"Paget."

"Who was he?"

"Oh yes, Paget of Shotover. Sad knock down that, wasn't it? Has to work for his living, poor fellow! Nobody ever guessed he had that in him, though. We must look him up."

So wagged the world's tongue. As an artist Alwyne Paget would hardly be called a success.

As one swallow does not make a summer, nor one speech an orator, neither does one picture make a painter.

And Paget had practically exceeded and exhausted himself in that one fine effort.

He had gone in for painting, not because he felt that he had a mission or a special faculty for the thing, but mainly in order to be able to realize externally the image that haunted him and would not pass.

For years he worked night and day at his one theme, finishing a canvas only to destroy it and begin afresh.

It seemed as though he would never be able to express his idea.

At last, however, there came the divine hour in which stubborn matter grew plastic and sensitive, and, as it were, eager to become the delicate medium of thought.

In that hour the baffled but indomitable artist triumphed; he worked with marvellous rapidity, and the result was "A Memory."

Overjoyed, he sat down and wept like a woman.

He knew that he had succeeded; he knew that the world would admit his success, but his only thought was:

"It is she, she as no other living man could paint her. I have thrown her out of me at last. Surely, now, I shall be at peace!"

He was in sore need of money, and an American millionaire offered him a tempting sum for his picture.

"It is not for sale, sir. If I sold that I should be selling a living creature," answered Paget, with a touch of fierceness that caused his would-be patron to reflect that poets and painters are by nature akin to the "crank."

By his piece of artistic exorcism Alwyne Paget was only partially successful in driving out of his mind the image of Mary of Linghough, as he called her.

And there came a day when he decided that, by running down to Shotover, he could kill two birds with one stone.

In the first place he might catch a sight of Mary, and he told himself, quite seriously, that if he could but see her once again the gnawing hunger of his heart would cease.

Secondly, his desire to see the old home, the old hills, the old fields, the old stone walls—ay, and the old sky, and the old dales,

"Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars,"

had become imperious and irresistible. He knew that Mary was now the mistress at the hall, but he did not know that her husband had been dead for over a year.

He remembered William Bunting but slightly, and his impression of him was not favorable.

He wondered would Mary recognise him, and, looking in the glass, he thought not.

He was still on the sunny side of forty, though perilously near the shadow; but his dark hair was already silver-gray, and he no longer wore a heavy moustache.

His face was bronzed and seamed and wrinkled in a curious fashion, but his eyes—how he wished that he could dye them!

They seemed the only part of him that had retained the old likeness; even his broad shoulders had grown very round.

Nevertheless, before he set out on his journey he provided himself with a form of disguise; for the last thing that he wished was that any one should recognise him.

So it came to pass that he found himself one afternoon in May on a by-road skirting one side of Shotover Park.

The dear old hall, gray and dim, was visible in the distance through the large trees.

It was Paget's intention to put up at a roadside inn about half a mile away, and he had already written to secure accommodation under the name of Flaxman.

He stood some little time looking across the park, then he picked up his hand-bag and, crossing the road, climbed a gate that led into a small plantation.

Getting out of sight of the road, he stopped and, opening his bag, brought out a hand-glass.

Having fastened this to a bush at a convenient height, he next produced a wig and a beard and proceeded to adjust them.

Then he surveyed himself in the glass and laughed aloud: the transformation was complete.

His close-cropped silvery-gray hair had given place to a mass of fiery red stuff, and his clean-shaven face wore a beard of the same terrific hue, as wild as a blackberry bush. He looked another kind of creature altogether, unkempt and fierce.

"There," he murmured half audibly, "I am Dick Flaxman now with a vengeance; even my eyes look blood-shot!"

Then he shut up his bag and proceeded to the Holly Bush inn.

Several days went by without his catching a glimpse of Mary, though he prowled about the roads and even ventured into the park.

He spoke with everybody he came across, and chatted as a stranger with men and women that had been known to him as children.

He learned a good deal about Mary, among other things that she was a widow. When he first heard it his heart gave a great leap, then he grew sick and faint, and sat on a low moss-covered wall for hours, debating whether or not to pick up his traps and leave the neighborhood. He stayed on, however.

Everybody had a good word for Mary: she played the great lady to perfection, not only in sweet dignity, but in heart-easing beneficence.

One woman called her "a born angel," whereupon the fiery-visaged stranger offered her a shilling, saying:

"That's for telling a good-natured lie. Never be afraid of good-natured lies, my friend."

One afternoon when Paget was sketching an old ruined mill whose water-wheel was coated with a soft green velvet, the growth of years, there came along a very bright bonnie lad of twelve or thirteen, accompanied by several fox-hounds. He stood for a moment apparently interested in Paget's work.

Their eyes met, and the artist said, "I suppose you know how to handle a pencil?"

"Yes, sir, a little," answered the boy, flushing.

"Can you paint any?"

"Not very well at present. But—I shall be a painter some day."

"Indeed. Aren't you strong enough to break stones or hold a plow?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I have a reason, my young gentleman. A good plowman is worth a troop of third-rate painters. I'm a third-rate painter myself, so I know what I am talking about. You are a gentleman's son, are you not?"

"Yes—but my father is dead. I live at the hall."

"At the hall? What hall?"

The lad smiled a little proudly as he said:

"There is but one hall round here, sir. I mean Shotover."

The artist gave him a long, searching look before he said, "Are you Mar—Mrs. Bunting's son?"

"I am her adopted son."

"Oh, that's it, is it? There is a view of the hall from the shrubbery, young gentleman, that I should like to do. Do you think your mother would have any objection?"

"Oh no, sir, I am sure she would not. May I come and watch your work?"

"Certainly; come with pleasure, but—come alone."

The very next day found Paget in a well known nook in the shrubbery comfortably ensconced at work.

In a while he was joined by the fosterling, who seemed to greatly enjoy watching him work.

Bit by bit the two drew nearer to each other, until at last a genuine liking for each other sprang up, and they became firm friends.

"I have told mamma all about you. Do come and see her. She would be so glad to know you," said the lad.

But Paget put him off with first one excuse and then another.

One day when Paget was alone, putting the finishing touches to his picture, of a sudden he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning, found himself face to face with Mary and her fosterling.

He had half expected some such meeting, but now that it had come he was unnerved.

"You told me not to bring any one with me, Mr. Flaxman, but it's only mamma. I want her to know you," said the lad, who could not understand the sudden pallor that seized his friend.

Said Mary, "I hope I am not intruding, Mr. Flaxman? My boy has taken great interest in your work. May I look at it?"

"I didn't expect you, that is all, madam. I shall be very glad for you to look at my picture, such as it is," answered Paget.

Mary looked at him with a strange sensation.

He was a queer-looking creature, she thought, with his fierce red hair and his distant manner; yet his soft gray eyes, how familiar they seemed; and his voice had a ring in it that sent a curious little thrill through her.

She drew near and examined the painting for some time in silence.

"I like it very much indeed. Is it for sale?" she inquired, raising her eyes suddenly to Paget's face.

His glance fell instantly, but not before she realised that his melancholy gray eyes had been scanning her with an expression that sent another strange thrill through her.

"No, madam, it is not for sale," he answered slowly.

"I am very sorry. I should like to have owned it. Could you do another like it for me?"

"I think of leaving the neighborhood to-morrow or the next day, but——"

He paused for a moment or two, and then he continued:

"If you like the picture I will give it to you if you will allow me to paint your face, madam. I am a portrait-painter by profession."

"Oh, mamma, do please let him do it. I should so like him to paint you," cried the lad.

A slight flush tinged the face of Mary as she said with a laugh:

"I am afraid, Mr. Flaxman, that you and my boy are in a conspiracy together. He has asked me a number of times to get you to paint me. I will accept your present, sir, on your own terms, and I think I shall have the better of the bargain. When will you begin?"

"To-morrow," answered the artist with a low bow; then, turning to the lad, he said: "Understand, young gentleman, the picture will be mine. If I like it, however, when it is finished, perhaps I shall feel inclined to make you a present of it."

On the following morning Paget made his way to the hall, where he was graciously received by its mistress.

Left to choose his own work-room, he chose the billiard-room overlooking some flowers and the shrubbery.

"I shall want the key of the room, madam. I never allow any one to enter a room in which I am at work without my permission."

"But—it will get very dusty, I fear," said Mary, smiling.

"Probably; but dust is a small matter if it is left alone."

So Mary handed him the key. Every

day for a week Mary gave him a sitting. He worked slowly but, as he said, satisfactorily.

This, however, had to be taken on faith, for the singular man stoutly refused to allow any eyes save his own to look upon the canvas.

During this period Mary frequently asked herself why she always looked forward with pleasure to the hour when Mr. Flaxman would arrive.

He was anything but a handsome man: she hated red hair. He was anything but an agreeable man; he was taciturn and distant with her.

But his eyes—ah, yes, they were just like Alwyne's; and, but that it were ridiculous, she would have said that his voice also had certain tones similar to Alwyne's.

Yet was it almost wicked to think of the gracious and comely Alwyne in connection with this fiercely-aspected man, untamed, unkempt.

"I shall not be able to come to-morrow, madam, but on the next day probably I shall be able to let you look upon your own image. I hope you will find it a good likeness," said Paget one afternoon as he came out of the house and met Mary walking on the terrace in front. He bowed low and passed on without waiting or apparently caring for a reply.

Mary watched him across the park for some distance; then she gave a little shrug to her shoulders.

She was angry with herself for having hoped that she could beguile him for once to talk to her for a while.

Meanwhile the artist was making for the Holly Bush inn as fast as he conveniently could, being impelled by an odd notion that had suddenly occurred to him that morning as he stood surveying the completed painting of Mary.

Arrived at the inn, he got them to put their fleetest plow-horse into their lightest cart and drive him to the railway junction, nine miles away, where he caught the up train and reached London a few hours later.

At noon on the following day he was back again at the Holly Bush.

He brought with him a curious leather case, some feet in length and breadth and very shallow.

At nightfall he carefully put this case through the window of his sitting-room into the garden. Some time later he said to the landlady:

"I am going out for a long stroll to-night, and I don't want you to wait up for me. Have you got a spare key you can let me have?"

"I can let you have the key of the brew-house, sir, if you don't mind coming in that way," answered the landlady, who was prepared for all kinds of eccentricity in the "painter man," as she called him.

Paget took the key and went out, and, getting the case, took the nearest cut to Shotover.

It was long past midnight when Paget issued from the shrubbery and, crossing swiftly and noiselessly the intervening belt of moonlight, entered the deep shadow thrown by the grim old pile.

There were inside shutters to all the windows and, silently raising the lower sash, he gave the shutters a slight push and they swung open; in another moment he was in the billiard-room.

Closing and fastening the shutters, he drew a candle from his pocket and lighted it.

At the far end of the room his picture, covered with a large white cloth, loomed up in a ghostly fashion.

He went up to it, uncovered and took it off the easel; then he opened his leather case and carefully brought forth his famous painting, "A Memory."

Putting this on the easel, he covered it up slowly, elaborately, reverentially, as one might fancy an old-world priest would cover up his god with the diamond eyes.

When this ceremony was ended, Paget packed the other painting in the now empty case, blew out the candle, and, opening the shutters, passed out the same way that he entered.

Leaving everything as he found it, he crossed over into the shrubbery, and there he remained, in view of the room that held his treasure, until daybreak; then, the danger of robbery being past, he returned home and was soon sound asleep in bed. It was past the noon hour when Paget awoke.

This morning he treated his toilette seriously, and, discarding his knock-about tweeds, dressed himself as if were for a stroll down Pall Mall rather than for a ramble through country lanes.

When he reached the hall a couple of hours later Mary was struck with his changed appearance; he carried himself better, looked the gentleman, and seemed to have applied "coercion" to his rebellious hair with considerable success.

His manner, also, had undergone a change for the better, she thought. He was attentive to her, almost deferential. He chatted with her for nearly half an hour on art subjects and life in London; she was astonished at the cultured polish and ease and humor of his talk.

One would have thought that he had suddenly remembered that he was not a surly untrimmed monster from Bohemia, whose vocation was to act up to his terrible hair, but a man of gentle breeding and fine manners; also that he had only just now discovered that Mary was a woman of rare loveliness, and bore upon her the inimitable characters of gentlest ladyhood, of intelligence, and sympathy.

At any rate, the change was a notable one, and Mary felt sorry now that the time of his departure was at hand.

Said Paget presently, "With your permission, I will go and get the picture ready for your inspection."

"Thank you. I am very eager to see it. When may I come in?" kindly asked Mary.

"Oh, you may come in ten or fifteen minutes," he said as he left her.

Twenty minutes later Mary came downstairs richly dressed for the occasion in half-mourning.

At the entrance to the billiard-room she was met by the painter, who escorted her to the far end of the room.

She thought she felt his arm tremble; but if he was nervous, she was not inclined to be too severe a critic. A fine yellow silk shawl hid the painting from sight.

Mary placed herself in a good position, and Paget stood by the easel, holding a corner of the shawl in his hand.

"I am ready," she said, smiling.

A quick turn of the wrist and the shawl fell away, revealing to Mary the image of herself as she looked on that evening when she parted with Alwyne Paget!

She recognized the picture in an instant.

She started, grew pale, and, putting her hands to her breast, exclaimed, "Oh, oh!"

Paget advanced a step towrrds her, but drew back again. Then Mary came near to him and, gazing into his face, said, in a whisper:

"How could you do that? Who are you?"

For an answer Paget raised his hands and tore off his wig and beard.

"Oh, Alwyne, Alwyne, my own——"

She checked herself too late. He took her in his arms and murmured as he kissed her:

"Yes, I am your own, and you are mine at last, at last."

"But I wronged you cruelly——"

"Never mind, my love; I am righted now."

[THE END.]

POTLATCH.

THE word "Potlatch" is one which to many of our readers may be unknown. We will give an explanation.

It is a word in use by the Indians of the North-west Territory, and means "to make a present."

The ceremony which goes by this name is the following.

When an Indian has accumulated wealth—usually in the form of horses, blankets, and weapons, and wishes to become a great chief—he sends out invitations to the chief men of the surrounding tribes and reservations asking them to come to a certain place at a given date.

When the guests arrive, the early part of each day is taken up by the presentation of gifts by the inviter, and speeches and songs on the part of the receivers.

The reader must not imagine that the gifts are absolute, as in reality they are merely temporary, and have to be returned with interest whenever the recipient in his turn gives a Potlatch.

The Indian nature does not permit of anything being done without a clear prospect of making by the transaction in the long-run.

The afternoon of each day is spent in horse-racing and betting, for greater gamblers than Indians it would be hard to find.

More than a year ago, the writer and a friend had the good fortune to find themselves at a rancher's house in the wilds of British Columbia at the time when a very large Potlatch was going on in the neighborhood: so, in company of the worthy rancher and one or two cowboys, early one forenoon we mounted our half-broken horses and began to make our way towards the Indian camp, which lay about four miles off in the same valley.

All were in good spirits, and the day as fine as could be desired.

The trail led us over stony bluffs, with here and there a fine smooth stretch of sage-brush and bunch-grass. On these the speed of our horses was tested as we raced along.

Soon we reached the last bluff, and there below us lay the camp.

All around wandered the horses and mules, and here and there one saw an Indian boy, lasso in hand, on a barebacked horse, driving in some straggler.

The scene was very picturesque; the flat bottom covered with fine grass; along the banks of the creek the fringe of cotton-wool and sumach trees with their bright yellow and crimson foliage; on either side the steep mountain-slope, covered with giant pines, with here and there a rocky crag standing out bare and hard, lay before us.

These, combined with the animated scene and the gay dress of the Indians, framed a picture never to be forgotten.

After a moment's pause to take in the view, we made our way to the camp, where we dismounted, leaving our horses standing with the bridles hanging loose, which secures a native horse from straying.

The number of Indians present was very large—some hundreds of men, with their wives or klutschmen and papooses.

The men mostly wore a blanket as their main covering, and the brightest and gaudiest colors were evidently the most popular.

A small proportion had their faces painted with red and white; but this custom seems to be dying out under the influence of rapidly advancing civilization.

When we arrived, the giving of presents was in full swing. Under a large booth made of pine branches sat the giver of the Potlatch, surrounded by his squaws.

When one of the young siwashes or "braves" lifted up a present, the giver stood up and in a loud voice addressed the man for whom the gift was destined. This speech we were informed by our guide was a short history of the feats and exploits of the recipient.

Whenever this was ended, all the klutschmen joined in a chorus, singing the praises of the great chief.

Then the gift was carefully examined, and replies and thanks were given. In the short time we watched the proceedings, a large variety of goods, consisting chiefly of blankets, horses, and flour, changed hands.

In the other parts of the camp gambling with cards was almost universal, and the large sums of money staked were not at all in keeping with common ideas of Indian poverty.

Among other objects of interest was the native way of breaking a wild horse. Not far from where we had left our horses stood a small pine-tree, fastened to which by a lasso was a young horse.

The lasso was tied round the animal's neck, and sufficient length of rope given, so that the horse when lying down had his head kept off the ground. In this way the animal was left.

After standing quietly for a few minutes, the struggle begun.

Finding himself restrained by the rope, the colt tried by every means in his power to break the bond, striking with his fore-feet and throwing himself down, squealing and screaming in perfect fury.

Hour after hour came and went, and at length the spirit was so far broken as to allow a man to approach without a renewal of the struggle.

The hind-legs were then lassoed, and the head-rope loosened, a saddle slipped on, and before long an Indian was firmly seated, and the horse's first experience of the supremacy of man began.

The afternoon of the day we spent watching and taking part with the Indians in horse-racing.

The course was short, about six hundred yards; but the pace was good, and the riding of the Indians even better.

The riders used no saddles, having merely a girth passed over the knees and drawn tight, as a support. The sole object of these races is betting, as no prizes are given.

As evening came on we turned our horses homewards, and soon reached the ranche, where a pleasant evening was spent.

It does not often chance that a traveler happens to strike one of these gatherings, but should any of our readers have such luck, let him take the advice of one who has been present, and turn aside and visit what ere long will be a thing of the past.

A CURIOUS RELIGION.—A German professor attached to the University of Pekin, is now in Europe, and is lecturing on the Religion and Hierarchy of the Lamas. He has had exceptional opportunities of studying the subject, and, as might be expected, he is able to throw some new light upon it.

Buddhism, he insists, was originally a strictly monotheistic religion. Chinese Buddhism, as it is represented to-day by the Lamas, is out-right Polytheism, and is the result of a kind of compromise which was effected in the seventh century of our era with Brahmanism and Sivaism. Early in the fifteenth century, a certain amount of reformation was brought about; but now things are almost, if not quite, as bad as they ever were, and every temple is full of hideous idols and revolting obscenity.

The outward ugliness of the gods is supposed to be the mask of inward beauty; the prevailing obscenity is defended as being a perpetual illustration of the mystical union between the spiritual and the material in nature.

The present hierarchical system became a part of Lamaism in 1654, when two Dalai-Lamas had established themselves in ecclesiastical supremacy. Being far too holy and exalted to attend to little matters, they delegated their authority to earthly ministers.

A Dalai-Lama is regarded as an incarnation of Buddha; and whenever one of them dies, his successor is solemnly chosen by lot from among the previously selected children, in one of whom Buddha is supposed to be reincarnate. At present, one of the two Dalai-Lamas, a grown man, resides in Pekin.

In the ritual of Lamaism during the service, if a Dalai-Lama be present, he sits in front of the altar, and conducts the worship by the aid of a bell which he holds in his hand. The ecclesiastical music is of a melancholy type.

Censers, incense, and holy water are used; and shell trumpets, fans, and a crucifform instrument, called a manda, are requisites for a properly conducted service. The canonical writings of Lamaism consist of 108 huge volumes, and there are 225 volumes of commentaries. During public worship, each priest in the building reads in a murmuring voice from a separate volume. So mechanical is the reading of the priests that attendants have to pass up and down their ranks to keep them awake. Rosaries are used, but "praying wheels" are still more in request. You write your prayer on paper, fasten it to the periphery of the wheel, and either turn a handle or so arrange that the wind shall turn the wheel, and so save all trouble. Either method is held to be fully efficacious and grateful to the gods.

Scientific and Useful.

BENDING WOOD.—There is no better or cheaper way to bend wood than by steaming. Gunstocks, if bent at all, are steamed and bent in the rough. The trimmings are put on after the stock is finished.

THE HAIR.—A solution of chloral hydrate, five grains to the ounce of water, will clear the hair of dandruff and prevent its falling out from that cause. It is also claimed that partial baldness may be cured by this means.

SEALING CEMENT.—As a cement for sealing bottles, &c., six parts of rosin, one part of caustic soda, and five parts of water; this composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster-of-Paris. The compound sets in three-quarters of an hour, adheres strongly, is not permeable like plaster used alone, and is attacked only slightly by warm water.

CANE-PAPER.—A French scientific journal urges the desirability of sugar-manufacturers, who are mostly complaining of hard times owing to over-production, increasing their incomes by making paper from the cane as a supplementary industry. It is asserted that the fibres of sugar-cane made an excellent paper, and that the mechanical and chemical treatment necessary in the work present no unusual difficulties. One gentleman at New Orleans has lately exhibited there a number of samples of white paper so made, which were of very fine quality. Whether it is practicable thus to combine two industries which seem at first sight to be very different from one other, and which both require such large plants, remains to be decided by experience.

WHERE STEAM HOLDS ITS OWN.—It now seems as if steam would not be superseded at present by electricity or any other force, for recently most successful experiments have been made by the Steam Storage Power Company. From a stationary steam boiler steam and hot water may be injected into a reservoir so that the pressure will be nearly 1000 pounds to the square inch with perfect safety. From this tank, which is thickly jacketed with asbestos, power may be had for locomotion for street railways, cars and other purposes. A street railway motor has been designed which is to perform marvels of economy. No steam escapes into the air. It is exhausted into chambers, and there condensed into water, which is in turn again injected into the tank. There is no puffing, no coal or cinders, no smoke or noise, and nothing to get out of order. Any one can run it who can drive a horse. But two minutes are required to charge the tank, and it can then run the motor thirty or forty miles.

Farm and Garden.

GATES.—Gates may be properly classed with labor-saving implements and machinery. Some of the fields and enclosures are entered many times a day. A gate is opened and shut in a few seconds. The removal of bars or other barriers requires much greater time and labor.

POWER.—The best way to put bulls and stallions at work is to use them in supplying tread power. By this mode they can be more easily controlled. Even rams and goats can supply power for churns. A bull can be made to work in the yoke. It will render him more serviceable as well as prevent ferocity.

FUEL.—In California the eucalyptus tree is planted for fuel, being cut down three years after planting. The amount realized for each acre of trees is over $200. The trees will thrive on nearly all kinds of soils, and it may, perhaps, be well adapted for fuel purposes here, though they would require more time for growth.

WILLOWS.—The wisdom of planting willows has been justified during the recent floods. The government engineer in charge of the Potomac river improvements states that where willows were planted the land was protected from washing, and practically no damage was done, while in the improved lands not so protected there was great loss.

THE WINDMILL.—The windmill is an implement that costs very little compared with the advantages derived. Water pumped into a tank can be conducted to the barn-yard or to the pasture through pipes, thus saving the expense of pumps and the labor of pumping. Where there is no running water troughs can be arranged for stock and may be kept full without difficulty.

INSECTS.—Flies and other insects often cause the stock to lose flesh, even when the best care is given. The small insects may give more trouble than the larger, being more numerous. Horses should be protected with nets whenever possible, and the pen and stalls should be kept clean. The hog-pen is a fruitful source of insects, and should be well littered with dry dirt to absorb all liquids.

STOPPING HORSES.—The Russian form for stopping a run away horse is said to be very effective, and is not particularly cruel. They place a cord with a running knot around the horse's neck near the neck strap. To this slip noose attach a pair of reins, which may be thrown over the dash board ready to be seized at once. When the horse starts take up the extra reins and tighten the cord around the horse's throat. The most furious horse thus choked stops instantly, and will not kick or fall.

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Of Our Conscience.

Every one must have observed that all our faculties are capable of being improved or injured.

Some persons of the same age are stronger than others. One man is strong in his arms, and another is strong in his legs. And so of our internal faculties.

One man has a powerful, and another a weak memory. One has a facility in writing, and another writes with difficulty. And so of a vast variety of cases.

Now if we look at these instances again, we shall find this to be the general fact respecting them: Those faculties are the strongest which are used the most.

If one man be stronger than another, we shall find that he uses his strength more, or that he works more than the other.

He whose occupations require the use of his arms, becomes strong in his arms; while he who walks or runs much, becomes strong in his legs.

He who uses his memory habitually, remembers easily, that is, acquires a strong memory; while he who rarely tries to recollect what he hears or reads, very soon has a weak memory.

And thus men have come to this general concusion, that all our faculties are strengthened by use, and weakened by disuse.

This rule applies to conscience in several particulars.

The more frequently we use our conscience in judging between actions as right or wrong, the more easily shall we learn to judge correctly concerning them. He who before every action will deliberately ask himself, Is this right or wrong? will seldom mistake what is his duty. And children may do this, as well as grown persons.

Our conscience is also improved in this respect, by reflecting upon virtuous actions and thinking upon virtuous characters. The more we do this, the easier do we learn to distinguish and to avoid everything that is wrong.

If children or men go on doing right or wrong, just as it happens, without ever inquiring about it, they will at last care but little whether they do one or the other; and in many cases will hardly be able to distinguish between them.

Again, we injure our power of judging correctly of moral actions if we allow ourselves to witness or hear of wickedness, or if we are in the habit of letting wicked thoughts dwell in our minds.

The same is the case with lying, cruelty, bad language, and any other wickedness.

He who is careful always to do what his conscience commands, finds the power of temptation over him to be weaker.

He who strives always to be just, and never to defraud any one of the least thing, either in play or in earnest, will find a very strong opposition in his mind to doing any injustice; while he who only occasionally allows himself to lie or cheat will find that his opposition to lying and dishonesty is gradually growing weaker, and it is well if he do not in the end become a confirmed thief and liar.

And it is moreover to be remarked, that both of these last rules have an effect upon each other.

The more we are in the habit of reflecting upon the right or wrong of our actions, the stronger will be our inclination to do right; and the more scrupulously we do right, the more easily shall we be able to distinguish between right and wrong.

The oftener we do good actions, the greater happiness we receive from doing them.

Do you not observe how happy kind and benevolent persons always are?

Do you not observe that persons who very seldom do a good action, do it almost without pleasure; while really benevolent and kind people seem to derive constant happiness from making others happy?

And the oftener men disobey their consciences, the less pain do they suffer from doing wrong.

At first view this might seem to be a benefit conferred on a wicked person, because he thus can do wrong without so much suffering.

But if we consider it a little more attentively, we shall see that it is exactly the reverse. For when a person is afraid to do wrong, and suffers in his conscience in consequence of it, he will do it rarely and secretly; but when he ceases to be thus pained he becomes bold and does it openly, and soon meets with the punishment which he deserves.

And besides, this stupidity of conscience will last but for a very short time. Conscience frequently awakes in sickness, or on a death bed.

It will assume an infinitely greater power in eternity than it ever does on earth. And then, if we have lived and died wickedly, it will be a source of torment to us forever.

From what we have said, one or two things are plain.

The more frequently we do right, the easier will it be to do right; and the greater pleasure will the doing of right give us.

The oftener we resist temptation, the easier can we resist, not only this temptation, but every other.

And thus, at every step of our progress in virtue, we shall be prepared to be more and more virtuous, and our characters will become fixed on a surer foundation.

He who has never lost himself in the delighted labyrinths to which old books lead him; he who has never been spellbound by the arch magicians that, age after age, have offered themselves as his familiars—he who has never drank of the sweet waters that with an everliving freshness flow from the undefiled fountain of English literature, can scarcely imagine the pleasure and the luxury which the gathering of knowledge, like the gathering of dewy and odorous roses for the bouquet, fills the mind. It is a labor that demands little more than love after all, and, being a labor of love, we have more faith in that impulse than in any penecraft we possess.

Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it, our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others: hence the reason why it is so rare; for on how few can we count! Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing, which, while we possess it, will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole: as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

The man of letters, when compared with one who is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies and arranges the ideas; it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away.

Religion consists not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth; in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good; not in vain flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind; not a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscionable practicing the substantial parts of religion.

Honesty being a virtue having many shades of meaning, and which, in its highest sense, is a lofty and delicate perception of truthfulness and sincerity, must naturally be more keenly developed in a cultivated than a coarse mind. It is fostered by other virtues, and is pre-eminent amid the true graces of the gentleman.

Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eyes and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done.

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbors. The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.

"Politeness," says a famous writer, "is real kindness kindly expressed;" an admirable definition, and so brief that all may easily remember it. This is the sum and substance of all true politeness. Put it in practice, and all will be charmed with your manners.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that an individual can display to another, is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude and amending the error.

Cultivation does not deprive us of manly strength. The symmetrical column is not less strong because it is graceful; the block of granite is as useful and firm beneath the chisel as in all its native ruggedness.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on the tomb is not so fair as a fruit offering of good deeds.

Men of few words are generally safe counsellors and safe friends where they profess to be such. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying weakness.

Cunning is none of the best nor worst qualities; it floats between virtue and vice; there is scarce any exigence where it may not and perhaps ought not to be supplied by prudence.

We wish we could hear no more defences of roughness and boldness. Gentleness of manner is so excellent a thing it should be proverbial everywhere.

It is well that the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

Affection can no more be pounded into an animal than into a human being. Kind treatment will insure it.

There are two classes of people in this world: those who make fools of themselves, and those who don't need to.

Those in the wrong use hard words and soft arguments; those in the right use soft words and hard arguments.

If we could use our own advice how happy we would be.

The World's Happenings.

There are about 29,000 locomotives in the United States.

The Queen of England makes her own tea when traveling.

Chicago church-goers frequently applaud their pet preachers.

Eighty highway robbers were executed at Pekin on April 26.

Missouri has set apart $3,000 for wolf scalps for 1889 and 1890.

There are 26,729 known thieves over 10 years of age in England.

Cable cars are run at the rate of 14 miles an hour in parts of Chicago.

Connecticut has a tramp bearing the historic name of Daniel Webster.

Chicago yearns, among other things, for an Eiffel tower 2000 feet high.

Russian army officials are experimenting with speaking trumpets for giving orders.

A colored man at Albany, Ga., has served no less than 21 terms in jail for fighting.

Artificial ice is cheaper and purer in Southern cities than the natural article in New York.

Five girls in a Kentucky family are called Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia.

Since January 1, 1889, there have been about 200 strikes; in the first half of 1888 there were nearly 400.

A Kansas editor says that sixty thousand railroad cars will be required to haul the wheat crop of his State.

According to George Meredith, the English author, the newspaper press is simply a gigantic tattle machine.

According to a dispatch from Colorado, two girls of Emma "have fallen madly in love with each other and have eloped.

The Stradivarius violoncello which belonged to Davidow, the violinist, is reported for sale, and the price asked is $25,000.

An American in Liberia writes that on one and the same Sabbath he saw one missionary and 50,000 cases of liquor landed on the African coast.

The great bridge which is to cross the St. Lawrence at Quebec will, with its approaches, be 36,000 feet, or nearly six and a half miles long.

A New York wholesale grocer the other day displayed a sign, "Take one," in front of his store, referring to a litter of kittens in a wicker basket to which the sign was fastened.

The first medical degree ever given to an American woman was given 40 years ago. Today there are 2500 women in the United States having diplomas from either American or foreign schools.

A boy in Meriden, Conn., broke the handle off a teacup belonging to a neighbor, and the trifle has not only made enemies of a dozen people, but led to several assault and battery cases and three lawsuits.

A law school for women is to be established in New York next Fall by Mrs. Emily Kempin, LL.D. The system of teaching will be that of European universities, all the instruction being given in the form of lectures.

Three months ago the postmaster of Chico, Cal., gave a pet dog to a friend who was leaving for Oregon to settle. Not long ago the dog reappeared at the house of his old master, nearly starved, but delighted to see him.

John Swift, a Connecticut man, lived to the age of 85 without being sick one hour in his whole life. He never had mumps, measles, headache or toothache, and when he died it was more because a tree fell upon him than any fault of his.

The flag got four new stars on the 4th of July. The law (April 4, 1818) provides "that on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July then next succeeding such admission."

Dr. Burke, of Walton county, Fla; 93 years old, is the father of 30 children—24 boys and 6 girls. He has been married five times. One of his wives was an Indian, of whom six of his children were born. The old gentleman, who is hump-backed, carries himself well for his years.

A curious walking match took place at Portsmouth, O., the other morning, between a merchant formerly of Cincinnati and a clerk. It was to decide which should wed a fair young lady, to whom both gentlemen had been paying attention. They walked five miles, the merchant winning by 50 feet.

An "apple pie reception" the other night, held by a local Tammany organization in New York, was a great success until the time came for cutting the monster pie, six feet around and two feet in depth. When the crust was broken a dozen big rats rushed out and in the confusion escaped. The affair broke up in disorder.

Anna Bell, colored, and her youngest son, Jack, are inmates of the almshouse in Hall county, Ga. Jack is 55 years old. Anna's age is not known, but she is supposed to be much over 100. She is a little deaf, but sees well; is able to walk about, and her mind is as clear as ever. She is, if anything, more sprightly than her "baby boy."

A new candle has been brought out, which extinguishes itself in an hour. This is done by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

A New York jeweler has two jewels, apparently diamonds, in his window, with the simple inscription over them: "Which is genuine?" Two young men, after holding a heated discussion on the question, made the jeweler the umpire of a wager. The latter was compelled to acknowledge that both stones were genuine. It was merely an ingenious advertisement.

UNFEELING.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Bloom, flow'rets, bloom!
You smile as sweetly on the tomb
As in the happy bridal room,
Or in the forest's blessed gloom.
Bloom, flow'rets, bloom!

Sing, skylark, sing!
As carelessly your flight you wing,
Where towering grave-stones shadows fling,
As o'er the place where joy-bells ring.
Sing, skylark, sing!

Play, breezes, play!
You happily your whisperings say
Where weeping willows sadly sway,
As in the bower of beauty gay.
Play, breezes, play!

Overstrained Honor.

BY NORA VYNNE.

"I THINK you are very unkind to me, Judy."

As these words, delivered in a tone half complaining, half caressing, fell on her ear, Judith Gale looked up and laughed good-naturedly. She was lying on the floor at full length—and a good deal of it—a cushion under her head, and a copy of "As You Like It" (acting version) in her hands, she was reading softly to herself.

"You don't take the least interest in what I say, Judy."

"You see you have said it so often, my dear, and I am busy, really busy."

"Can't you attend to me for a little while? Just a little while. I want to talk to you."

"You generally do, and that when I am disposed to be busy; you always want to tell it all over again, and to ask me all the questions I have answered on an average eleven times a day since you knew him. Well, as nothing fresh has happened since eleven o'clock this morning when we last discussed the matter, my opinion is just what it was then; I have nothing more to say, and I don't think you have."

This answer, though delivered in a perfectly good-natured tone, would have silenced any one in the world but Maggie Syke, but it had not the slightest effect on her.

Maggie Syke was a small plump woman of about forty years old, but she did not look nearly her age until one looked closely; she had fluffy colorless hair, big round china-blue eyes, and an appealing childlike manner, and a habit of keeping her little fat hands—plump and dimpled like a baby's—full in view.

At Judy's rebuke she simply flopped down on the floor beside her, and began to stroke her hair gently, the wrong way of course, saying, in her pathetic little chant, "Listen to me. Don't be selfish and unkind."

"Unkind! I am out and out the most patient and long-suffering creature that ever lived," said Judy emphatically; "I listened to you for hours when I wanted to go to sleep last night, and I listened to you all the while we were at breakfast this morning; and now do you know what would happen if we were two men? I should just, in the friendliest manner possible, take you by the shoulders, shove you out at the door and tell you to go to the ——. Oh, yes, it would be ill-mannered of course, but that is what I should do."

She turned to her book and went on reading.

"'I would not be thy executioner.'

No, but you make me feel a strong tendency that way.

'Thou tellest me there is murder in mine eyes!'

No; not murder exactly. I think the jury would find it justifiable homicide—or femicide if you like it better."

"Judy, dear!"

"Look here, Meg," said Judy seriously, "I really do want to study. You had much better go down and practise your to-morrow's singing lesson. If he does love you, he won't love you any better for singing flat, and even if he does not, you need not torture him; go and practise, there's a good girl."

But the slight softening in her friend's tone was quite as much encouragement as Miss Syke needed.

"Then you think he does love me," she chanted.

Judith caught her lower lip between her teeth for a moment; it was a trick she had when her patience was tried.

"I've had no evidence one way or another since breakfast-time, and you asked me seven times then."

"Ah, do be nice to me, Judy," with another irritating rub on the smooth dark hair; "I am so unhappy; you used to say you thought he liked me."

"I did say so. I thought from his manner the first time I went with you for your lesson that he liked you very much indeed, and when you asked me I said so."

"Well, if he liked me then, of course he likes me now."

Judy did not speak. She knew how Miss Syke's infantile manner, charming enough for a few days, was deadly wearisome after awhile, how her pretty confiding way of talking about herself pleased most people until they found she could talk of nothing else, and that what looked like a touching proof of confidence was simply the result of illimitable egotism.

"Do you think he likes me now?"

"My dear girl, if he does, he will tell you so himself."

"But I want to know what you think."

What Judith thought brought a hot blush to her face, but she hid it behind her book, murmuring:

"'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well."

Miss Syke got up, and walking to the glass, began to contemplate her reflection.

"Do you think I look older than he is? do you think he thinks so?"

"I have not the remotest means of knowing what he thinks."

"But what do you think yourself?"

"That 'Phœbe' is a very pretty part, and I shall make something of her—if ever you give me time to study, that is."

"But about my age, dear?"

"You know what I think on that subject. Considering that we all profess to believe ourselves immortal, age does not matter on either side, and I can't see any difference between a woman of forty marrying a man of thirty and a man of forty marrying a woman of thirty, or a girl of eighteen, as more often happens."

"Then you think he might marry me."

"I think if he does, and you worry him as you worry me, he will have an uncommonly hard time of it."

"I wonder if he knows how old I am. I wish he had not sent me to his brother about that life insurance: you see I had to put my real age down, and his brother would be sure to tell it to him. Do you think that was why he sent me?"

"I do not, for two reasons; first, because he is a gentleman, and secondly, because I should say he has a tolerably fair idea of your age without resorting to underhand tricks."

"Then why should he send me there?"

"Because he was so good-natured as to wish you to have good legal advice gratis, and had no ideas of the contemptible motives you would assign to him. I can't tell how such thoughts enter your mind, Maggie. I am quite sure they never enter Charles Rathlin's."

There was something in the tone which warned Miss Syke that her friend's patience had been tried almost too far. To be sure she had said the same things in answer to the same questions some seventeen times before, but never with quite so much decision.

Miss Syke rose and, crossing the room, began to put on her bonnet and veil at the glass, arranging her colorless little curls with elaborate precision; but it was not in her to be silent long—after a few moments she began afresh:

"You came out with his name very fluently just now, Judy. I always call him Mr. Rathlin."

"Can't help it," said Judy shortly, "heard it at the theatre—got it on the programme—incidental music by Charles Rathlin, you know."

"I wish he had not written that music," said Maggie crossly; "he will be always at the theatre now."

"Nonsense, no one wants him there."

"But he goes, I am sure. I daresay you often see him when I don't know."

"Every single time I have seen him there, or anywhere else, I have told you," cried Judy indignantly; then, changing her tone, she added quietly, "I don't know why I should do so, but I have. Now do let me go on with my work, my dear."

"You're very cross this morning," said Maggie plaintively.

"Not cross; but what would you think if I came and worried you all the time you were having your singing lesson?"

"That would be very different; I could not sing if you did."

"Well, I can't read."

"There, then, I won't interrupt her any more, that I won't; she shall have all the afternoon to herself, that she shall. I have got to go out and give those wretched little children a music lesson, so you will have the room to yourself; it isn't quite time to go, though. Oh! I say, Judy, can you lend me a pair of gloves?"

"Yes. Top drawer, left hand corner."

"Thank you, darling; which pair shall I take? May I have the dove-colored pair? I wish your gloves were not so large for me. Oh! may I put this pin in my veil?"

"If you like."

"Thank you so much, dear. Oh! Judy dear, one thing before I go; will you not change your mind and come down to Saltsands with me at Easter?"

"No, can't afford it."

"It would be so nice. Mr. Rathlin will be only a little way off, and he has promised to come over sometimes and help me with my cantata."

"Awfully good of him, but I'm not writing a cantata."

"But you would be company for me; we could give up our rooms here and take a little cottage together. Mr. Rathlin thinks it would be a charming plan, he was quite taken with the idea; he thinks it is so much better for me not to be alone, people get so egotistical when they live alone; they think of no one but themselves. You had much better come with me."

"Thanks, I prefer to be by myself and risk the egotism."

"But you don't think of me a bit."

Judy gave a smothered laugh.

"No need, dear, you think of yourself so industriously," she murmured; but Miss Syke did not hear her, she was going on steadily with her own reflections.

"It does look as if he liked me, doesn't it? he was quite eager about your coming, too. Before I told him you might perhaps come with me he did not seem as if he quite liked my plan, and when I asked him if he would come over now and then to help me with my cantata, he was very doubtful about it. You see, he could not very well visit me here alone."

"I don't see why. I'd have any one I liked to come and see me wherever I lived."

"Oh!" in a superior tone, "but I have been brought up to the habit of having a chaperone."

"Thanks for the reminder. I haven't, but I have got on very well."

"It is a great risk to marry any one so much younger than myself. I am sure an elderly husband would make me happier; what do you think, dear?"

Judy gave no answer, so Miss Syke went on placidly:

"Of course I shall give up teaching music when I am married, and spend all my time improving myself."

"Nice sort of wife you'll make at that rate."

"Of course I shall fulfil all my duties properly, Judy. I am not the sort of woman to shirk my duties. I should make a good wife, don't you think so, dear?"

"Oh, charming!"

"But good-bye now, dear. I'm going now, I shan't be back till tea-time. I have some shopping to do after I have given my lessons. How I detest those three tiresome children and their prosy old uncle. Did I tell you they called him 'Molly Darling'—he is always putting on porous plasters, and talking about himself and his ailments. Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Ain't you going to kiss me, dear?"

Judy got up from the floor and kissed her. Maggie Syke put her sentimental round little face up against the girl's strong young shoulder (brushing off a good deal of superfluous powder on to it) and sighed heavily.

"Oh! Judy dear, it is so dreadful to be in love; do be nice to me," she chanted.

"'Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvia,'" quoted Judy with a nervous laugh; "I dare say you've got it very bad, dear, and he is—he is awfully interesting, and all that—but keep it in bounds, Meg; don't show it till you are sure; he won't like you any the less."

"Why, Judy, how your heart is beating; you ought not to sing yourself about as you do. It can't be good for you to lie on the floor like that—put on your hat and walk to High Street Station with me; it will do you good, and I have so much more I want to say to you."

Judy broke into a laugh, and shaking Miss Syke into an upright position, straightened her bonnet and literally pushed her through the door.

"Good-bye Meg," she called cheerfully, "try to bring back something fresh to talk about when you come in."

Then she shut the door, and picking up her copy of "As You Like It," which she had left on the floor, began to walk slowly up and down the room, reading and thinking by turns.

She was a tall handsome girl, a trifle angular and unformed as yet, but straight and supple, with clear-cut features, and a bright resolute face; her very footsteps sounded firm and decided as she walked to and fro.

Judith Gale and Margaret Syke were friends of about a year's acquaintance. They had made each other's acquaintance in a boarding-house where they both had been staying, and had taken to each other. Judith had been amused and attracted by the other's childlike and confiding ways, and, moreover, had pitied her because the marriage of a brother had forced her to leave her home and fight for herself in the world.

After a time, when she found that Miss Syke's brother and sister-in-law had been perfectly willing for her to reside with them, and wrote her affectionate and hearty letters, Judy's sympathy cooled a little, and when she found that Miss Syke had a nice little fortune of her own, and that in her case fighting for herself simply meant making spasmodic efforts to achieve distinction, first in one walk of life and then in another, it died out altogether.

Still, as she had begun the friendship, Judy kept it up, for she was not the sort of girl who changes readily; besides she had really a sort of tolerant regard for her egotistical sentimental little friend.

On the other hand, Maggie Syke had taken to Judy as she had taken to dozens before, and had made her the last of a long series of bosom friends; but she had certainly never kept a friend so long before, generally she wore out their patience or grew tired of them in a few months; for one of her strongest characteristics was that her friends must have no friends but herself, and this was trying to girls with sisters, or of a sociable disposition.

Now, in Judy's case there was no difficulty, for a lonelier girl did not live; she was a solitary hard-working orphan, with few friends, and no desire to change them; she had positively lived nine months with Maggie Syke without finding out her jealousy, and it was only since Miss Syke had taken up music and fallen in love with her music-master that she had noticed the trait through the bitter hatred Maggie seemed to entertain for all Mr. Rathlin's other pupils.

"Poor Meg, poor Meg, what a wretch I feel," murmured Judy as she walked up and down with her book in her hand. "What a wretch, and what a sneak.

'So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of Grace.'

No, that's out of my part—Silvius says that. Oh, poor little Meg, I wonder if it was my fault. He certainly seemed to like her that first day I saw him; she told me to notice and I noticed.

'There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet
——'

Oh, dear, I shall never get this learned, I wonder is it my fault he has changed.

'He said mine eyes were black and my hair black.'

No, he didn't; he said I ought to take care she had some hot tea whenever she came in, as if I had nothing else to do but sit by the fire and keep her tea hot. That certainly looked as if he were in love with her; a man in love always forgets that any one can have anything more important to do than look after the woman who interests him. He made me feel quite selfish for having any affairs of my own. Oh, he was certainly fond of her then.

'For what had he to do to chide at me.'

No, that's the wrong place. Well," as the landlady opened the door, "Well, Mrs. Grant?"

"Mr. Rathlin wishes to see you, miss."

Judy started, the resolute look on her face hardened, she shut up her book with a snap.

"I will be bitter with him, and passing short,"

she murmured, but she came forward with a very commonplace manner.

"I am so sorry Miss Syke is out," she said.

"It is not of any consequence, I have only brought her some papers—examination papers."

"Oh, she will know all about them, I suppose!"

"I don't think she will; I am afraid I shall have to ask you to give her a message," said Mr. Rathlin quietly.

"It is a pity you should have brought them when Maggie was out, I thought you knew she went out on Wednesdays, as you found her the pupils she goes too."

She did not look at him, although he was a very pleasant object to look at, being tall and well built, with a handsome clean-shaved face and shining clear-cut dark hair.

He had none of the haggard raggedness of the conventional musician; he looked something between a country gentleman and a barrister.

When he saw the girl's face studiously turned away, a look of resolution that quite equalled her own, rose to his eyes; he walked slowly towards her with the papers in his hands.

"Will you be so kind as to tell her," he began, "that I know very well she cannot answer the questions off-hand, she must look up the answers in the books I have lent her. Tell her I am not trying to find out what she knows, but to put her in the way of knowing a little more."

Judy glanced at the papers.

"I don't know much of music," she said, "but it strikes me that any one who cannot write these will be simply wasting time trying to write a cantata."

"Yes, have you said that to Miss Syke?"

"I am not her music master."

"Do you think she would believe you if you did say that?"

"I don't profess to know anything of music."

"But you do profess to know something of character, and so do I. I believe the attempt to write a cantata will be a very useful lesson in music to Miss Syke."

"It will be a very cruel lesson."

"But it will be private, and therefore less painful than it would be to learn what she must learn in full class."

"Is that why you want her to go to Saltsands?" said Judy, her manner relaxing a little.

"I want her to go! It was no suggestion of mine."

"Ah, no more it was, I forgot; your suggestion was that I should go with her."

"Well, perhaps it did—let us suppose it did, if she said so; but no, Miss Gale, let us be frank. I suggested it, and is there any reason why I should not?"

Judy was silent, she would not say "no," and dared not say "yes," lest he should ask for the reason, and so have an opportunity of saying what she was determined not to hear.

Rathlin went on, "It is not good for man to be alone, and it is worse for a woman; it is bad enough while she is at work, but a lonely holiday is frightful. You had much better go with Miss Syke."

"I am sorry my own affairs prevent my being as serviceable to Miss Syke as you think I should."

"And who told you it was merely for Miss Syke's sake I made the suggestion, pray?"

"That is what she believes, and it is natural she should believe it."

"And if I told you it was of you I was thinking?"

"I should not believe you. I am not your pupil. It would be very presumptuous of you to try to direct what I do, or where I go. No; if you said anything of that kind, I should tell you to say it to Miss Syke—it may interest her, it does not interest me."

"You will not believe it was for your sake?"

"Not for one moment."

"But if I declared to you that it was?"

"I should say, Good afternoon!"

They were standing facing each other now, and she saw that all her feigning was of no use—the fight was coming.

So she stood, meeting his eyes quietly, both her hands well in view, clasped carelessly but firmly together; but all courage could not keep the veins in her throat from throbbing and trembling; he saw the shadows quiver on them in the dim afternoon light.

If she was resolute, so was he. He saw how strong and true and high-hearted she was, and told himself he would not leave her until he had won her. Aloud he said coolly:

"Oh, 'Good afternoon' is pretty well as a beginning; but I am going to say much more than that. I have come to tell you how I love you, and I won't be turned aside from saying it."

"Well?"

Charles Rathlin remembered once playing a charming game with some children, wherein the fun consisted in one of the party being a patriot and being shot (they were young children, but had already discovered that the natural end of a patriot is an early and violent death).

The shooting was accompanied by a pint of cold water discharged full in the face from a milk basin. Rathlin had been the patriot, and that "Well?" recalled his sensations at the time very forcibly indeed. It took his breath away for a moment, but after a time he went on, though not so fluently this time:

"That means you know it, of course. That's good; for I tried to make it plain to you. I love you very much indeed. I know I am not good enough for you, I don't ask you to think I am, but I do ask you to believe I love you very truly."

"'How can I think he can be mine and true
who has been false to Fulvia?'

That's not in my play, but when I get hold of Shakespeare I wander about a little."

"Don't wander now; keep to the point, and the point is, I love you."

"But I had rather talk of Fulvia."

"As you please. She was elderly, by the way, and of a jealous and crabbed disposition.

"Antony knew that, or should have known it, before he asked her to marry him."

"I quite agree with you. But suppose Antony had never asked her; never said a word that could be construed into an intention of doing so."

"Never given her violets, nor taken flowers from her, never bullied a girl he saw for the first time, for not taking more care of her," went on Judith coolly, her eyes still meeting his, her hands still careless and impassive.

"Good heavens! she asked me for the violets," he exclaimed angrily. "Could I help her bringing me the other things? Is it possible she ——"

"Stay, if you please, Mr. Rathlin. We will keep Miss Syke's name out of our conversation: you have no right to suppose for a moment that we have made you the subject of discussion. Any opinion I may have formed has been formed from my own observation."

Rathlin recovered his self-control.

"Certainly. When I went with her to your class-room, I saw, or fancied I saw, a vast difference between your manner to her and your manner to your other pupils."

"Go on."

"When we remained after the class had left, and you talked to her about her own affairs and yours, all you said, every word, every tone, every look, went to make me believe that you cared for her."

"So I did; I thought her charming. Go on."

"I have no more to say."

"Oh, yes, you have if you intend to be just. You spoke of an opinion."

"Yes; I saw you cared for her—any one could have seen that. I supposed you were not well enough off to marry, and so you did not speak to her."

"That was so; you were perfectly right. I am better off now, by the way, but that is not the question. Go on."

"Afterwards"—her voice did tremble now, but she went on bravely—"afterwards I began to think that—I had been mistaken."

"You did not," he said with such quiet force that the words did not sound rude. "You did not think so, and it is beneath you to say what is not true."

"Then, if you will have it, I thought you had changed your mind, and I thought I would never be a party to the betrayal of my friend. I have no more to say."

"No. Then listen to me, and judge me fairly. I may have been to blame, but I don't deserve such hard words or such contemptuous tones, and I will not bear them, even from you. I though I cared for Miss Syke; I did care for her at first, every one who sees her likes her at first, every one who grows better acquainted with her loses their liking. I can't help it if I speak cruelly of a woman; you force me to defend myself. You know yourself how every student who comes to my classes has been her devoted slave for a day or two, and then indifferent to her. I did like her, and if I had ever told her so, if I had ever said a word of love to her, I should deserve to have you shield yourself behind your loyalty, and pierce me through and through with your scorn; but I have never said one word beyond ordinary friendship to her."

"True. But why not?"

"For the reason you guessed. It was a good reason; she had told me of the luxury she had been brought up in, and I hesitated to ask her to share my poverty. That hesitation saved me. It was meant for her good; but surely I have a right to let it serve for mine?"

"I do not know."

"Think. Suppose she had liked me, and never told me so; then suppose she found out she really loved some one else; would it be treason for her to marry the man she loved, because of an idle, passing fancy for me—a fancy I'd had no idea of?"

"Oh, but if she had an idea of it?"

For the first time he seemed to lose heart; the fight was going very much against him. He dropped his head and hesitated; he could not deny her words; he knew poor Maggie Syke had shown a very marked fondness for him; but then the like had more than once happened to the handsome young musician, without any fault of his, and he could not tell how far he had been to blame in this case.

"Has she said——does she——" he began.

"We will leave her out of it. You are to assume that she has never confided in me. But if I could see, and could form an opinion, could not she?"

"Good heavens! Is it my fault if you were so quick to see what I wished to keep to myself?" he cried. "Am I to be bound by a three days' fancy, that neither of you had right to know of, to marry a woman ten years older than myself? Do you know what she told me you said one day? That you pitied her husband, if ever she married, for he would be the most wretched man on the face of the earth; that she would wear out his very life with her jealousy and her exacting temper. She told me that as if it were a joke; you know best whether it is true or not, whether you meant it when you said it."

Judy remembered the speech; it was the result of a week's worry, when Maggie had suspected her of a desire to strike up a friendship with a girl who was playing in the same piece with her, and she had most certainly meant the words when she had spoken them.

Rathlin went on:

"And you would condemn me to that—it would be torment, perpetual hopelessness. Think of it! You must know very little of life, or you would not dare to wish such a thing. You say I am bound to her ——"

"No, no! I do not say so—I was wrong if I said so before. You must not marry her if you hate her so; it would be terrible for you both if you married her."

"And if I am free?"

He moved towards her eagerly. She sprang back against the wall, entreating him with a passionate gesture to stand back.

"Do not look like that, for God's sake! Do not look so glad, or I cannot bear it. Yes, you are free—free to leave her, free to marry whom you will, free to marry any woman in the world, except me!"

"Judy! Why?"

"No, not me—not her friend—not the girl she took to see you, who rejoiced with her in her fancied good fortune, who heard day by day—yes, I must own to it now—who heard of every word you said, of every sign you gave of caring for her—not her confidant, the sharer of her hopes and her fears—not her friend, her one friend."

"Then my freedom is of no value, for if I do not marry you, I don't care what becomes of me. I may just as well marry her as not. Oh, Judy! think again. I will make you so happy."

"Could you, do you think—could any one make me happy if I acted so vilely?"

"It is no fault of yours that she told you; you never asked for her confidence—I am sure she never wanted it. Why should you suffer because she can't keep from talking about herself?"

"You show me my fault clearly. I ought to have gone away at once, when I saw—when I expected what would happen."

"Listen to me, Judy. I love you, I believe on my soul that you love me. We meant to do no wrong—we have done no wrong, only circumstances have been very cruel to us. Is it just that we should suffer because of circumstances that we could not help? Will it make her any happier to know that we are miserable?"

"It will make her much more miserable to think her friend has stolen her happiness. I tell you I will not do it."

"Judy! this is madness!"

"No, it is honor. What would you say of a man who betrayed his friend as you would have me betray mine?"

"But you are not a man, you are a woman. No one expects this tragic honor from you; no one thinks of expecting it from a woman."

"Oh, yes! I am a woman, with all a woman's fault and weakness; but, woman as I am, God made me true as death, and you shall not make me less than He meant me to be."

She stood erect and proud, not hiding her suffering, but triumphant over it; and seeing her fearless face, and hearing her resolute tone, he knew that there was no appeal from the sentence she had spoken.

The fight was over, and he was conquered. He knew it, and submitting heart-broken to his defeat, was yet glad that the woman whom he loved was great enough to win such a victory.

Had he not loved her for her perfect truth, her immaculate honor? And if he had been able to break down her honor and truth, would not such a victory have been a calamity for them both?

Woman-like, she half rued her triumph when she saw her antagonist conquered; she came close to him and laid her hand on his.

"I cannot bear to see you suffer," she said.

"You shall not see it—I will go. Good-bye, dear; you have broken my heart—I think you have broken your own—but we must bear it, for you have chosen the right."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye; you know what those words mean—'God be with you.' God be with you, sweet, in all the years to come. Do not think I am sorry you will not be less than yourself for my sake—I will try to be glad that I could not lower you."

"Good-bye—Good-bye."

She had moved to a little distance now, and turned her face away. She held out her hand without looking at him.

"Is this all? It is a very cold parting when we think how we love each other, and that we shall never meet again. Surely, for the last time—for the first and last time——"

"No, no! I cannot, I cannot!"

The pain in her own tone was so pitiful that he could not resist. Letting her hand fall, he knelt upon the floor and kissed the hem of her skirt, then without speaking again he left her.

He left her; he was wrought to such a pitch of excited honor and reverence, that it never occurred to him to think how many a lover would have refused to leave a woman who dared not trust herself to kiss him.

And she? She brushed away a few bitter, hot tears that rushed through her eyelids and stood a moment trembling and irresolute.

It almost seemed as if she would give way to the passionate emotion she had held so well in check until now; but she did not: she went to a cupboard in a corner of the room, and took out—a bottle of poison? a dagger? a nine-barrelled peacemaker? Oh, dear, no! a pot of Liebig's extract, a teacup, and a teaspoonful of port wine.

From these, with the addition of a little boiling water, she concocted a very nasty but very invigorating compound, and having drunk it, lay down on the floor to study "As You Like It" in peace until Maggie came in.

You see she was a working woman and had no leisure to indulge her emotions.

It was some time before Miss Syke came in: when she did she went straight up to the looking-glass, and after flinging her bonnet and mantle upon the sofa, began to contemplate her reflection with a good deal of complacency.

"You are late, are you not?" said Judy.

"Yes; have you been dull without me? I have been doing a good deal of shopping on my way home. You were very unkind to me before I went out, but if you can spare me ten minutes for once in a while I'll tell you something interesting."

"What is it, dear?"

Any one but Maggie Syke would have seen the weariness in the girl's face, would have heard the pathetic effort at cheerfulness in her voice, but Maggie Syke had something of interest to communicate, and noticed nothing.

"You don't know why I have been so long?"

"You were shopping, were you not; have you bought many things?"

"Yes, and some of them are pretty things—wedding things, Judy."

"Oh, your trousseau; don't you think ——"

"Something very important has happened," said Maggie impressively; "I have come to my senses at last."

"What do you mean?"

"It is not to be expected that I should waste my time walking while an obscure musician makes up his mind whether he can afford to marry me or not."

"Do you mean—are you saying that you are not going any more to Mr. Rathlin, after raving about him all these three months?"

Judy could scarcely believe her ears, and spoke out her amazement without choosing her words.

"I have not being doing any thing of the sort," said Miss Syke, with dignity, placidly proceeding to believe what it had become convenient to believe; "I may have wondered now and again if he cared for me, but that is all."

"Oh!" said Judy.

"I have something else to say, dear, only you don't take any interest in me."

"I take an interest in this matter, though; what has made you come to this conclusion? Let me hear."

"You know my pupils have an uncle?"

"Yes, the prosy old man they call 'Molly Darling.'"

"He is not old nor prosy, and they ought not to call him anything of the sort. Why he is heir to a baronetcy."

Miss Syke spoke as if the prospect of the title conferred perpetual youth and immunity from nicknames.

"Well, what has 'Sir Molly' to do with us?"

"Not anything to do with you, my dear; but he has—that is—he will have a great deal to do with me in future. He has asked me to marry him. You see, dear," with a sweet little giggle, "some people think me attractive if you don't."

Judy pushed back the hair from her eyes—a bewildered incredulous look on her face.

"And Charles Rathlin?" she said.

"Ah, well, Judy, you can't expect me to consider him; I must show a proper regard for my own future; I could not have got on as the wife of a struggling artist; I am much more fitted for society and luxury. I called and left a note at Mr. Rathlin's rooms, telling him I should not go there for any more lessons as I am going to be married, then I went for a walk with—with him—you know, dear, and then I did some shopping, and then I came home. Won't you congratulate me, dear? Luke—I think he has such a nice name, Luke Lowther Rothesay—Luke is not more than fifty-five or fifty-seven, and his uncle is several years older, so I shall be Lady Rothesay some day; perhaps I may be able to help you, for I shan't be ashamed to know you, dear. I do hope poor Mr. Rathlin won't feel it very much, I can't help it, you know, if people will admire me, can I? I have a right to choose whom I will marry; I can't marry just to oblige him. What is the matter, Judy? Are you laughing or crying? Why don't you answer?"

But before Judy had time to answer, the door was flung open with a crash, and Charles Rathlin rushed into the room—an open letter in his hand.

"Judy, it's all right," he cried; "I found this when I got home. She doesn't want me; she is going to marry some one else. Judy! Judy!"

And Judy, without answering, ran straight into his arms and rested there silent. It was his turn to speak now, and he was in no hurry.

"Well, this is very surprising," said Miss Syke, but neither of them seemed to hear her.

"My darling," cried Rathlin at last, "how brave you were, and how we've suffered; how we tortured ourselves. But it is over now, and it is worth all we bore to meet like this, to hold each other like this, to kiss each other as we do now."

This remark was illustrated profusely. Miss Syke could not understand the situation at all, she was simply dumbfounded.

"I think," she said severely, "you have both utterly forgotten my presence, even my existence."

She was quite right, so they had.

Happiness ever of hardness is mother.

Was it a Ghost?

BY RITA.

"OH, don't let us talk of ghosts any more," said our hostess, "I have no patience with them. Idiotic beings! Wandering about at unreasonable hours, frightening inoffensive people out of their wits. I never yet heard of a ghost who was of use to anyone, or who had any good reason to show for its appearance."

Everyone laughed except one person, and she, like Viola in "Twelfth Night," said:

"Ah! but I know——" and then, like Viola, paused.

No one heard her except myself.

Mrs. Lester's remark seemed suddenly to have put to flight the "eerie" mood which a succession of ghost stories had encouraged in us. The circle round the tea-table broke up, and one after another sauntered from the drawing-room, till at last there remained myself and another. The lights had not yet been brought in, and I could only see her face by the glow of the fire.

"Now, Mrs. Mantell," I said, carrying a chair up to take my place beside her. "Tell me what you know."

"About what?"

"About ghosts."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mantell, remembering her words, and recognising my meaning with a slight start and a blush, "I don't know that it would interest you."

"It would interest me intensely."

"And besides," she continued, "I am not sure that it was a ghost."

For indeed, I was less concerned about the ghost than about Mrs. Mantell herself. Most old maids have their hobbies; mine is an affection for romances—romances in real life, I mean. I love them, and I look for them as other people do for bric-a-brac, antique coins or foreign postage stamps, and in the course of the last twenty years, I have amassed a very pretty collection. Already, I divined one in the presence of Mrs. Mantell, not merely from the mingled sweetness and sensitiveness of her expression, but from a few words which, on the day of her arrival, had fallen from our hostess.

"Mr. Mantell is our friend," Mrs. Lester had explained. "I have not yet seen her. She was his mother's governess or companion, I forget which, and she had rather a romantic story. She was brought up in a most extravagant style, and then her father died bankrupt and left her without a penny."

"Do begin, Mrs. Mantell," I pleaded. "The dressing-bell will ring in a few minutes."

She yielded, as I hoped she would; as most human beings do to my flattering, eager interest in them and their experiences.

"I must begin a long way back; three years before the ghost appears. We were then living in Downshire, and we were going to Leechester Races. We generally drove there, but this year we had too large a party for the drag, so it was decided that my cousin Caroline, and myself, escorted by my cousin Tom, should go by train. Caroline, I remember, was furious, at the arrangement, which she thought much beneath her dignity and likely to injure the freshness of her toilette. I, on the contrary, thought it would be as Tom suggested, great fun. There was as we expected, a great crush at the station, and, to make matters worse, we arrived only just before the train started. In fact, it would have started without us, if Tom, to Caroline's indignation, had not thrust us unceremoniously into a third-class car.

"Well, I'm not going to lose the first race for your stuck-up notions," said Tom, with cousinly frankness. "It's only for half-an-hour, and it won't do you any harm."

I looked round rather nervously, feeling that Caroline's objections were highly discourteous to our fellow passengers. There were seven of them.

Four very horsey-looking men loudly discussing the races, a soldier in a scarlet uniform, a young man and maiden in their Sunday array, and a woman with a baby on her lap, on the seat opposite to mine. She glanced up at me as I took my place, showing me as she did so two of the saddest eyes I have ever seen in any human face. They moved me to look at her more attentively. She was a middle-aged woman, poorly but not untidily dressed. I remember she wore a rusty black shawl over her shoulders, and that the baby was wrapped in a coarse grey one.

Her face, like her hand which clasped the child, seemed worn to the bone with waste, or care, suffering; or it might be all three. Her mouth, like her eyes, was sad and uncommonly sweet. My spirits, which had been bubbling joyously all day, began to subside. I was glad that a dust-cloak of sombre hue covered from neck to hem the gay dress I wore, and that no one could see the three gold coins jingling loosely in my pocket which my father had given me to spend on sweepstakes. I began to wonder vaguely how it felt to those who lived in the shadow instead of the sunshine. Suddenly the baby awoke and began to cry. The mother changed its position and strove to hush it, but the baby only wailed the louder. Everyone in the carriage looked impatiently towards her, and Caroline audibly remarked that babies ought not to be allowed to travel. The poor woman, as she shifted the child from one arm to another, with a weary sigh, looked round upon us for a moment as if mutely entreating our forgiveness for an annoyance she could not prevent.

"Let me take the baby for a little," I said.

I was not experienced in nursing, and had little hope of quieting the child, but I longed to relieve the mother's tired arms and to atone for what seemed to me the ungraciousness of the others.

"Why, Mabel, are you crazy!" exclaimed Caroline. Tom stared at me with mingled wonder and amazement, and even the poor mother looked as if she had not heard aright; but I leant forward and took the baby gently from her.

By a fortunate chance the child left off crying almost immediately I had it in my arms. It caught sight of a gold ornament I wore, and clutching it in its tiny fists, became absorbed in examining it for the remainder of the journey.

Caroline gradually left off sneering, and the others left off staring at me. Only the woman's sad eyes rested on me with a look of admiring awe which made me feel quite ashamed.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

Then she leant forward and told me her story. It was a very sad one. She was a soldier's wife and had followed her husband to India and back. On the way home she had lost three little children. This one, only eight weeks old, was very weakly. She was going down to stay with her mother to see if the pure country air would do it good.

"You will be glad to get into the country, won't you?"

"Yes," she said wistfully. "But I was sorry to leave my husband."

I had read and heard often enough the most graphic descriptions of poverty and its trials, but I had never felt what it was till that morning when I sat with the poor pale-faced baby in my arms and listened to its mother's voice, low and pathetic, but without a tinge of discontent in its tone.

As we reached Leechester I put the baby back in her arms and then slid my hand furtively into my pocket. I did not wish Tom or Caroline to see what I was doing, so I waited till the last moment; then suddenly drew my money out, thrust it into the woman's hand, and jumped on to the platform before she had time to discover what I had given her.

It so happened that I never went to Leechester by train again till three years later; and then alas! under very different circumstances. My father had died leaving me penniless. I had no mother, no relations and, it then appeared, no friends; except, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Barton our clergyman and his wife.

They most kindly insisted on my making my home with them till such time as I could find some means of earning my bread. How difficult that was you can barely imagine if you have never tried to find paid employment for a woman who has been brought up only to be a lady. I could do several things a little; nothing as well as the people with whom I had to compete.

One day, fairly out of heart, I sat half weeping, alone, by the drawing-room fire, when Eliza, the parlor-maid came in with some tea for me. She looked wistfully at me as she put down the tray, and said:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I heard yesterday that Mrs Mantell at Leechester wanted a nursery-governess for her two little grandchildren. I don't know as that sort of place would be good enough for you, but if it was, you'd be very happy there, for Mrs. Mantell is such a kind, nice lady. I was housemaid there before I came here. She was such a good lady; anybody couldn't help liking her!"

"I should be too glad to get such a place," I said. "And I will try and go to Leechester to-morrow. How shall I get to the station, I wonder?"

For it was six miles off, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton kept no carriage. Eliza timidly suggested that Farmer Edwards would be going into Leechester next day by an afternoon train, and would give me a lift to and from the station, if I would accept it.

"And where does Mrs. Mantell live, Eliza?" was my last question. "I don't know, miss, exactly. She's changed her address since I lived with her, but you can easily find out, you know. She's the doctor's wife. Anyone will tell you where Doctor Mantell lives."

Accordingly next day I went to Leechester. The whole way there I could not refrain from mournfully contrasting my present and my last journey. The one point of resemblance was that on both occasions I traveled in a third-class carriage. Otherwise the difference was complete and depressing between that glowing June morning and this moody November afternoon.

I walked slowly from the station to the more inhabited part of the town and entered the first chemist's shop I saw.

"Will you please tell me," I asked the man behind the counter, "where Doctor Mantell lives?"

"Which Doctor Mantell, madam?" was his most unexpected and disconcerting answer.

"Is there more than one Doctor Mantell?"

"Yes, madam; there are two cousins. Doctor George Mantell, who lives in Church Street, and Doctor Leigh Mantell, who lives in St. Anne's Place."

"Do you happen to know which Mrs. Mantell is in want of a nursery governess?"

"They are both looking out for nursery governesses, I think, madam."

I was evidently in ill-luck that day. What was I to do? I was especially anxious to find the Mrs. Mantell of whom Eliza had said such pleasant things, but how was I to find her?

How could I go to either lady's house, ask if she was the person who had been so kind to Eliza, and then take my leave if she said she was not?

Besides, I did not know what Eliza's surname was. Above all, there was not much time wherein to make experiments. In an hour and a half my train would start.

I thanked the man, left the shop and went slowly along, wondering if I must really return without fulfilling my errand, wasting thus a whole afternoon, and the still more precious money which my journey would cost me.

An impulse made me suddenly look up, and I saw standing at the other side of the street a woman, with a baby in her arms, a poor woman in a shabby black shawl.

I recognized an instant afterwards that it was the poor woman I had travelled with in the train three years ago. The same sad eyes were looking intently at me now, as if she had something to say to me.

I crossed the street to speak to her, but directly I began to move towards her, she turned and began to walk on.

I quickened my pace to make up to her, but without success. I went faster and faster till I was almost running, but the faster I went, the faster too did she go; though, strange to say, without running.

She seemed to glide very fleetly but very quietly along.

At length the astonished looks of the people I was passing reminded me of the remarkable pace I was going at.

I slackened my steps, and then, rather provoked, determined to give up the chase. But as I paused the woman paused also, and turning round, beckoned to me with an imploring look in her dark, sad eyes.

The woman led the way at a moderate pace, and I followed about twenty yards behind. We turned several corners and at last entered what I supposed must, from its outward aspect, be one of the most fashionable streets in the place.

This was not the kind of locality into which I expected my humble acquaintance to lead me.

"Who and what can it be?" I asked myself.

I saw a sister of charity coming towards me at this moment, and it occurred to me that she might in all probability be able to answer my question.

"Can you tell me, if you please," I said at once, "who that poor woman is—that poor woman with that baby?"

The sister stopped, turned round, and looked in the direction towards which I pointed; then turning towards me with a puzzled expression said:

"What woman? What baby?"

"Don't you see her?" I repeated incredulously, pointing again towards the woman, who had stopped; "standing at the door of that big house?"

"I see no one," said the sister.

I bid her good morning, concluding that she was not quite right in her mind; and I fancy from her expression that I left her with the same impression of myself.

My strange guide moved on and I followed her; but just as I reached the big house I had spoken of she disappeared; or rather, as Mrs. Molesworth says in one of her ghost stories, she "was not there."

It gave me the most extraordinary feeling I have ever had. I stared and rubbed my eyes for a little, and then I began to wonder if I really had seen a ghost.

I turned to give a hopeless glance behind me, and as I did so I saw a name on the brass plate door before which I was standing.

It was "Dr. George Mantell."

"I hope you rang the bell at once," I exclaimed.

"I did: the coincidence was too remarkable. I determined to see if my ghost had led me there on purpose."

"Well, and was it the right Mrs. Mantell?"

"It was, indeed, the right Mrs. Mantell," she answered fervently. "The best and kindest of women! My mistress first, and then my mother. And you know," she added, glancing rather shyly at me, "I met my husband there."

I have seen a great deal of the darker side of married life, so I was not impressed by this information quite in the way she expected me to be.

"But the woman and the child?" I asked. "Did you ever hear more of them?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mantell. "Before leaving the train that day, when telling me her story, she had told me her name and her mother's name and address. I was so puzzled by what I had seen that I wrote to inquire about her. Both mother and child were dead; had been dead about three months—the child of convulsions, the mother of decline, hastened by grief and trouble."

"And do you doubt that you saw a ghost?"

"I have my own opinion," she replied, "but I generally keep it to myself. The world is sceptical in such matters. You, I see, have formed yours."

I looked thoughtfully at her, and was just about to ask if she considered that on the whole this singular phantom had been to her a messenger of good, when the door opened, and her husband, who had been out shooting with the other men, entered the room.

So I said nothing, but slipped away to the centre-table, where I lingered some books and watched. He went up to her at once, and laid his hand for a moment lightly on her shoulder.

"Well?" he said, looking down at her.

"Well?" she answered, looking up at him.

I could only hear his voice, I could only see her face, and yet I knew in an instant that the ghost had made no mistake.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Among the Hindoos there are some castes near Ahmedabad in which widow marriages are allowed, and a girl can be given in second marriage without the ruinous expense considered necessary on the occasion of a first alliance. The parents, therefore, sometimes marry a girl to a bunch of flowers, which is afterward thrown down a well. The husband is then said to be dead and the girl, as a widow, can be married at moderate cost.

The Empress of Germany has an army of seamstresses, but it is her delight to preside over and assist in the manufacture of her children's garments. She is a person of great taste, and generally picks her own and her children's hats to pieces and makes them over, after receiving them from a renowned French modiste. She is also an adept in fine embroidery in both white and colors, and is as industrious as many a woman of limited means.

As is well known, the Queen is in the habit of keeping rooms which have been occupied by deceased relatives locked up. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor, Osborn and Balmoral are all kept precisely as they were when he was alive; and on the wall of the room in which he expired there is a tablet with an inscription recording the fact that "this apartment was the scene of his demise." The Duchess of Kent's (mother of the Queen) rooms at Frogmore are also shut up—an arrangement which renders that abode absolutely useless, inasmuch as they are the best in the house. The Queen has also kept John Brown's rooms at Windsor entirely closed since the death of that domestic, and a large brass has been erected in the apartment in which he expired, with an inscription commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.

Three forlorn looking urchins were discovered on one of the busy streets of Boston asking passers-by for pennies. A benevolent looking lady, who was evidently touched by their ragged clothes and general condition, asked one of them for what he wanted the money. He hesitated a moment and then said, "To buy candy with." His honesty pleased the kind-hearted lady, who immediately opened her pocket-book, hoping to find a penny for each, but there seemed to be nothing but a 5 cent piece. This she handed to the smallest of the trio, suggesting as she did so that he divide the purchase with the others. No sooner had the little one received the money than his friends pounced upon him, as if determined either to have his money or his life. They rolled about and knocked each other right and left, and when separated by spectators the 5 cent piece couldn't be found. When last seen each of the small pugilists was busily engaged hunting for the lost treasure.

The popular notion is that old account books are only fit to be tossed into the rubbish heaps; that it is hard to find anything more absolutely worthless. And yet the very reverse of this proposition is true. What a prize would a leaf from an autographic account book of such a man as Voltaire, Dean Swift, or Benjamin Franklin be in the eyes of a collector? Any account book a hundred years old is worth preserving. Not only would it be extremely valuable to the antiquary, but it might easily become worth its weight in gold by serving to fix a date, mark a boundary, or complete a chain of evidence. Now that the centennial celebration of Washington's first inauguration as President has turned people's thoughts back to colonial times, it would be well for owners of account books dating back a hundred years to make careful examination of their pages. Even admitting that no valuable historical data might be forthcoming, yet of antiquarian lore there might be much unearthed.

We human beings are prone to stating our belief that we are the crown of earthly creation, the highest in the scale of animals, but we forget how the lower orders of life excel us in various ways. Ah! what a man that would be that had the sight of an eagle, the deer's keen sense of smell, the rat-terrier's quick hearing! Standing in the sixth story of a business block the other day and looking down upon the long vista of street below, where men were walking and horses and dogs running, I was struck with the conviction that instead of human beings being, as we claim, the most graceful of living things, they were in reality very awkward by comparison. To watch from a far height the dogs running with twinkling feet, the sparrows swimming on wings here and there, and horses moving with pleasing ease, and then to watch the objects on the sidewalks moving clumsily along, first one leg, then the other, then the one leg, then the other—like the majestic eagle when he tries to walk in his cage, and acts as if his leather pantaloons were slipping down—would convince any spectator that human locomotion was away below that of the lower orders of animal life. Evolution may release us from a multiplicity of legs, but it is at the sacrifice of grace. If the reader doubts it let him go up into a high place and look down on his fellow creatures and on those domesticated animals that range the streets.

There is many a thing that the world calls disappointment; but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith. What to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the will of God.

Our Young Folks.

LARRY'S TREE.

BY S. U. W.

THUMP! Bump! Swish! Ping!

"Take that, sir!"

"Hi there, look out!"

"Peter, one for you!"

"Larry, you take that!"

"Ho! ho! Think you're going to beat us, eh?"

And then it all began again with fresh vigor; pillows flying here and there, and coming down with a thumping noise which rejoiced the wielder's heart; shouts and struggles and shrieks of laughter; boys rolling over each other and under each other, and turning two once tolerably tidy rooms into a couple of bear-gardens—all the fun, in fact, of a first-rate bolster fight.

It was Larry who began it, of course; somehow or other it was always Larry who began these little skirmishes, and when any mischief was on hand it was pretty sure to be assisted by a certain young gentleman with an impertinent-looking nose, and hair which his mamma was pleased to call auburn, but which at school gained for him the occasional name of "Carrots."

He was in a pickle, was Master Lawrence Meredith, at the same time it was hardly in human nature to resist throwing a pillow at Peter, when Peter was standing in exactly the proper position to receive it; namely, with his back to the thrower.

Thump! Peter turned round, and grabbing the missile with all speed, hurled it at Larry, who dodged it cleverly, and seizing the other pillow, immediately closed with the enemy.

Then the two boys set to work to belabor each other finely, and before they were tired of this game the scene was enlivened by the appearance of a couple more 'rollicksome urchins—Larry's brother Christopher, commonly called Kit, and Peter's brother Max.

After that the fray became general, and raged violently, until neither of the four boys had an ounce of breath left in their much be-thumped bodies.

But they went on all the same; oh dear, yes! Breath or no breath, nobody was going to give in, when a strong hearty voice called out—

"Come, come, boys, what's all this noise about? You'll have the roof of the house off in another five minutes. Steady, steady now! What, throw a pillow at your own father, you young rascal! Take that, then, sir!" and Mr. Meredith tripped his hopeful eldest son neatly over, and then, to make matters equal all round, dealt the other three a buffet each, which sent them all sprawling and laughing and spluttering.

The boys were on their feet in an instant, quite ready for another tussle, but Mr. Meredith held up a warning hand.

"I bet it do, lads; you have had enough for to-night. Arbuthnot"—this was Peter's real name, by the way, but his cousins said it was too fine for everyday use—"I hope you have given Larry a good licking, eh?"

"Pretty well, Uncle Hugh!" grinned Peter, while Larry cried out to him very scornfully—

"Don't you talk; I know I knocked you into the middle of next week, Master Peter!"

"Oh, I wish we were not going home to-morrow!" sighed Max. "We've had such fun here," and he put an arm round his devoted friend Kit, who also sighed out of sympathy.

"They've got the German measles at the Rectory," announced Larry. "Pull was swinging on the gate, and he told me."

"What's that got to do with our going away?" asked Peter, staring.

"Why, I thought what a pity Herr Meyer couldn't catch them somehow—he's German, you see—and then, of course, he'd be ill in bed, and so you couldn't go."

Herr Meyer was the Leslie's tutor, and it had been arranged that he should stay the night at Mr. Meredith's, and take Arbuthnot and Max home the following day.

Mr. Meredith burst into a laugh at his son's suggestion.

"You ridiculous boy, I don't think Herr Meyer would care about catching the measles just to accommodate you. But which of you lads has been playing with Herr Meyer's watch? That's what I came to find out."

The boys looked at him with blank faces.

"Why, what's the matter with it, Uncle Hugh?"

"Won't the 'wheels go round,' father? Perhaps he hasn't tried the best button"—this, of course, was Larry's contribution.

"Come, come, one of you four must know something about it," said Mr. Meredith. "Now, which of you has got the watch? Poor Herr Meyer is in quite a state at losing it."

"I haven't got it," came from each boy's lips simultaneously; and "really and truly, father," added Larry, as the keen gray eyes rested with a suspicious twinkle in them upon the boys' faces, now the picture of innocence.

"Well, it is very strange," observed Mr. Meredith. "Herr Meyer says he had his watch when he arrived, that he left it on the dressing-table during dinner, and after dinner, when he went upstairs to get his watch, the watch was gone. Of course I concluded that one of you had played some trick with it."

"No, indeed we haven't.

"Very well, I believe you, lads. But now off to bed; I have no doubt the mystery will be cleared up to-morrow. It is very odd where that watch can have got to, all the same."

"It is a queer-looking thing," said Peter, "like a great turnip, and the chain has long silver ones, oh, ever so long when it's undoubted."

"It belonged to his mother, the chain did, and the watch was his grandfather's," put in Max; "I guess he won't like to lose it."

"Oh, it'll turn up, you'll see," said Larry confidently. "I lost a cricket ball for two years, and Jock fetched it out of the strawberry bed the other day, when he was sniffing about for his lost bones. He's always burying bones and forgetting where they are; the silly dog!"

In spite of Larry's assertion that the missing article would come to light the next day, it did nothing of the kind.

The whole house was ransacked, and every nook and cranny overhauled where a watch might or might not be likely to secrete itself.

But all was of no avail; and as the searchers, one and all, remarked several times, it was a most mysterious affair.

Mr. Meredith felt exceedingly annoyed about it; and as for poor Herr Meyer, he went peering and poking about with his short-sighted eyes, by turns lamenting his loss in German, and politely assuring his host in English that it was of no consequence at all.

The end of it was that the missing property not being forthcoming, the boys and their tutor were obliged to depart without it, Herr Meyer smiling a watery though grateful smile in answer to Mr. Meredith's assurance that he should insist upon giving him a new watch if the old one was not soon found.

Larry felt a little dull after his cousins' departure, but Peter had left him a book, a great favorite of his own, and this soon engrossed all his thoughts.

It was a tale of the French Revolution; and, lying on the sofa, in not the most elegant position in the world, Larry followed the hero through a series of the most exciting adventures, chiefly brought about by his attempt to uproot a Tree of Liberty.

I may mention that it was the custom at this period to plant poplars or oaks all over France, as symbols of freedom, and during the Reign of Terror thousands lost their lives under the pretence of having injured one of them.

Larry was much taken with this story, and it presently occurred to him what a splendid thing it would be to plant a Tree of Liberty in his own garden, and to rig up a flag there out of school hours, which would be taken down when its owner was not "at liberty."

So it happened that astonished Kit was borne off to the garden and instructed to dig a good big hole, while Larry went off with a spade as tall as himself to select a Tree of Liberty.

The gardener would have had something to say to it if he had caught Master Larry digging up one of his pet young trees.

But the gardener happened to be out of the way just then, and Larry went on calmly picking up the ground, and making a dreadful mess.

It was more of a business than he expected, and the spade had a playful way of sticking in very tightly and then of suddenly coming out with a jerk, which was rather discomposing.

Larry stopped after a while to rest, and then he perceived Kit coming towards him with his hands behind his back, and Jack, the retriever puppy, dancing about in a state of excitement.

"What's the matter?" cried Larry; "you can't have dug that hole yet."

"Guess what I've found!" was Kit's reply.

"Not the watch?" cried Larry eagerly.

Kit nodded triumphantly, and produced from behind his back, Herr Meyer's lost property; rather mouldy it is true, but otherwise none the worse for its burial.

"It was that rascal Jack, of course," said Kit; "I suppose he got into Herr Meyer's room, and found the chain dangling down and gave it a pull. While I was digging I saw him sniffing about, but I thought it was only after bones, until I just caught sight of something shiny, and then I guessed what was up."

"Bad dog!" cried Larry, threatening the culprit with the watering-can. "Well Kit, if it hadn't been for my Tree of Liberty that watch might never have been found."

"Father ought to give me one now," answered Kit roguishly; "and that's what I think, anyhow."

THE ALARM WATCH.—A lady, who found it difficult to awake so early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm watch.

These watches are so contrived as to strike with a very loud, whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

The lady placed the watch at the bed, and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the long rattling sound.

She immediately obeyed the summons and felt the better all the day for her early rising.

This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard, so long as it was promptly obeyed.

But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and when she was awakened by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself and slept again.

In a few days the watch ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it.

Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that, if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly, and that she would never more allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with the conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice clear and strong.

But, if we allow ourselves to do what we fear may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.

FRITZ'S DISCOVERY.

BY A. S. PENN.

JULIE was sitting lazily on the garden seat, wondering how she should amuse herself for a whole afternoon.

Her mother had gone out without saying exactly how soon she would return, so the little girl was left to herself.

Behind her was the green lawn, and beyond that the smooth downs; before her she saw the pretty little house where she and her mother were staying, and beyond that was the blue sea.

The door of the house that opened on the garden was suddenly flung wide, and through it stepped a boy in a red Tam-o'-Shanter cap.

"Hello, Jul" he said, coming across the lawn. "You look half asleep!"

"I'm not," she answered quickly. "I was thinking."

"That's what my peter says when he shuts his eyes after dinner. Well, get your hat and come out with me."

Julie looked doubtful. "Where, Frisk?"

Fritz Archer was also staying here by the sea with the rest of his family. He and Julie were very good friends, and he always sought her society when he hadn't any boys for companions.

His name was rather too much for Julie, but she got as near as she could.

"Where, Frisk?" she asked.

"Oh, to see some jolly caves I've found—all dark inside, you know, and muddy. I'll take care of you if you are frightened."

Julie put down her other leg, which had been tucked under her, and stood up.

"I'll ask mamma if I may," she said. "Oh, no; she's out."

She looked doubtful. Ought she to go?

"It's all right. She won't mind if you're with me," he told her. "Come, be quick and get ready."

As Fritz was at least a head taller than Julie, his words inspired her with confidence.

She ran in, put on her hat and sand-shoes and soon the two friends were hurrying along the beach together.

"That's where they are," he said, pointing across the bay to where the land ran far out into the sea. "It's a long way round to walk, but I'll bring you back in a boat. There's an old man called Hugg near the caves, who lets out boats, and he'll let me have one for a shilling. The pater gave me a shilling this morning. That's be jolly, won't it?"

"Yes," said Julie. She dared not say that she would rather walk, for Fritz was easily offended.

So she tripped on in silence by his side, and half wished she had not come.

On they went, in too great a hurry to notice the beetles crawling about on the wet sand, or the dear little crabs, or the shells and bright stones with which Julie usually filled her pockets, ready to take back to London when the holiday was at an end.

At last the sandy beach was left behind, and then there were slippery rocks to climb over, and after that they had to scramble up the side of a cliff with brambly things clinging to Julie's dress and having to be disentangled at every step.

"Here we are!" cried Fritz, and there, before her, as she clambered round a mass of yellow ragwort, Julie saw a great dark hole in the side of the cliff.

She turned pale as Fritz caught her by the hand and pulled her in.

"Oh, I'd rather not go, thank you!" she said hastily, dragging back. "Oh, Frisk, don't make me! I'd really rather not!"

"Bosh!" he cried, laughing, and holding her tightly by the wrist with his strong fingers, so that she could not get away. "Don't be a little coward. It's great fun," and he pulled her along after him into the darkness, her little feet stumbling over the loose stones on the ground. "It's all divided into rooms and passages that wind about. Why, you are a little goose. I'm going to teach you to be more sensible!"

"You said you'd take care of me if I was frightened," she said plaintively, beginning to tremble.

"Well, I am taking care," he returned, and the more she pleaded the more he pulled her after him into the shadows.

"There!" he said, suddenly stopping, and turning her twice around, "now you have quite lost your bearings. I'm going to hide, and you shall find me. It will be as good as blind man's buff."

And in another instant he dropped her wrist, and, refusing to listen to her imploring, "Oh, Frisk, please!" he darted around a corner, and quickly put some distance between them.

He had been here so much before that he knew the caves pretty well. Besides, he had made it easier to find his way about by placing here and there white stones, which were just visible when his eyes had grown accustomed to the dark.

Having found a moderately dry place, he gave one yelling "whoop," and sat himself down to wait until he should be in danger of being found.

Some minutes passed and Julie did not come.

He listened but heard no sound save the "drip, drip" of water somewhere through the roof; then he gave another "whoop," which again brought no reply.

At last, having waited until he was tired, he began to think that perhaps she would not be able to find him, so he in turn set out to look for her.

"Jul Julie!" he shouted. "Stupid little thing, where has she got to? Jul-ie-lel!"

No answer. He could not understand it. All the way back to where he had left her, and still she was not to be seen or heard.

Surely she had not gone into the narrow part farthest in, where you could not stand upright, and had to go on hands and knees if you went at all!

He made his way even there, feeling about, calling "Jul" and examining every bit of ground, but with no result. At the end of an hour he was hot, tired and frightened.

He was ashamed at having left her, and knew he should get into grief, but he felt that there was now nothing for it but to fetch help.

The white stones showed him the way to the entrance, and soon he clambered down the cliff side, and ran at the top of his speed to the house where Julie and her mother lodged.

Panting, and scarlet with heat, he excitedly rang the bell. The door was instantly opened, and there was Julie, looking cool and fresh in a clean pinafore.

"Oh, it's you, Frisk," she said. "I found the way out, and came back."

Fritz stared at her. Half angry and half ashamed, he could not find a word to say. He turned away, and, reflecting that little girls were very queer things, went rather moodily towards his home.

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE.—Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelty to hamper them with manifold rules, and regulations about this and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless to others, encourage them in their cheerfulness.

If they do smack their lips, and suppings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of the spoon; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or a tumbler should slip through its little fingers and deluge the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table cloth ruined, do not look a thousand frowns and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before. It "didn't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown?

Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, with not even a throat for this or any like nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence."

That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest: and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully and angrily, mete out a swift punishment, which for the time, almost breaks its little heart, and belittles you amazingly.

The proper and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table, is either to take no notice of them at the time, or divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or to make a kind of apology for them.

But afterwards, in an hour or two, or better still, the next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way, show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness.

This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or the kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence.

"I PAID for this one, seventy five cents," said the wife, showing her husband her purchases.

"One seventy five?" said her husband, examining the article. "Then you have been swindled. It is not worth more than a dollar and a quarter."

"You misunderstood me," corrected his wife; "I said seventy-five cents—not one seventy-five."

"Seventy-five? Well you ought to have got it for half a dollar."

FIRST GENTLEMAN. "I suppose your song at the Duchess of L.'s last night was a great success!" Second gentleman (a conceited tenor): "Oh, pardi! Ven I strike ze high C you ought to haf seen ze old Duchess clap her hands to her ears to hold een ze beautiful sound."

MEN of many promises have treacherous memories.

A SUMMER GLOAMING.

BY A. Y. E.

The dead day's funeral torches glow
In lurid light athwart the sky,
And whisp'ring trees nod to and fro
As new-born eve goes sighing by,

Then slow-winged rooks turn home their flight
To far-off elms beneath the hill,
While looming shades foreshow the night,
And woods and wolds are strangely still.

The landscape's rim grows darker lined;
The drenching dews fall on the hay;
The cricket chirps the hedge behind;
Shrill pipes a lone'ring thrush his lay.

And like vague shadows of a dream
Weird shrouds of white the long meads drape,
And dim processions by the stream
Of mists creep on in shifting shape.

Through gray-lit gloom bats flit and fly,
And beetles hum on heavy wings,
Till sky meets earth and earth greets sky,
And dusky night to either clings.

YOUTHFUL ANSWERS.

So many and varied are the amusing answers given by juveniles in reply to questions either beyond them, or so well within their ken as readily to lend themselves to their fun, that a volume could easily be compiled of them

It is, it appears, at examinations rather than during ordinary lessons that these gems of original thought are elicited.

It was at such a ceremony, for instance, that a cape was described by one boy as "a piece of land and rock joining the sea and its tributaries;" and by a second as "a point adjoining the ocean for putting lighthouses on."

By another youth continents and volcanoes were described as follows:

"A continent is a portion of land partially surrounded by water, with mountains and plains in it; a volcano is a mountain with a basin on top, spitting out fire and brimstone."

Besides these items of geographical information, we are told that "Africa is called the Dark Continent because the negroes in it are black;" and that "a fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress is a place to put women in."

In literature some of the answers are calculated, if not to overthrow established notions, at least to make us wonder at the state of mind by which they could have been prompted.

"Who was Sir Walter Scott?" was an examination paper question; and the reply, which would have delighted Mark Twain, was: "He was the last minstrel seen in Wales, and was killed by Llewellyn for giving money to those who captured wolves. Among his poems are Ivanhoe and Shakspeare!"

This, however, is capped by our next example, which displays a curious state of mixed knowledge, the effect, let us charitably suppose, of a system of cramming:

"Milton was the novelist who wrote Killing no Murder against King James II, who put out his eyes for it, when Milton said: 'Had I but served my God as well as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in mine old age."

According to other original thinkers, Byron was imprisoned for twenty years in the Castle of Chillon; Wordsworth was called a Lake poet, because he drowned himself in a lake owing to money difficulties; and the reason of Chaucer being termed the father of English poetry is that he invented printing!

In the domain of history we have several answers more amusing than instructive. "The Crusaders," according to one rising genius, "were the men who conquered America and Peru, and were so called because they were the first to cross the Atlantic."

Perhaps it was the same youth who was of the opinion that "Robert the Bruce was the son of Sir William Wallace, of Scotland, and when he was in a hut he saw a spider swinging seven times, and he said, 'I will yet be king.' So he gathered his men, and defeated the English by driving them into the Fourth, after which he died fighting with the Black Prince against the Moors, who flung his heart among his enemies, and cried, 'Go, thou faithful heart, and I will follow thee.'"

But the gem of the historical answers is that given in reply to the question, "Who was Queen Elizabeth?"

"Queen Elizabeth was the last of the Roses, and, fearing that Mary Queen of Scots would marry her husband, Sir Walter Raleigh, she beheaded her, and in remorse sent Raleigh to discover the United States. When he returned without doing so, he was executed by Elizabeth's son, James I., after gaining time to write his long and varied biography in the Tower."

Other interesting items tell us that Julius Cæsar was a Frenchman who rose to be king; and that "Ireland's pattern saint is called St. Patrick because he killed all the snakes with a stick.

Turning now to grammer, we find that there is a practical side even to that prosy science. This was displayed by the boy who, when asked what was the future of "he drinks," replied, "He is drunk."

Somewhat similar but still more to the point, is the story of the little girl who was of the opinion that the future of the verb "to love" was "to marry."

In reply to "Give a short description of the pig," a youthful Buffon wrote: "The pig is an animal. He is useful in many ways, because he is easily led on stuff not needed, also mud. His skin is thick and dirty, and his head ugly, with cutted (sic) ears, and a short tail on it. When he is a mail he is called a bore; and a femail, sow. He likes spirits."

But even this must give way in precocity to our next, and last, example. All the boys of a certain school being ordered to compete for a prize offered for the best composition, one of them, named John, refused to do it on the ground that he could think of nothing to write about. Nevertheless, he was obliged to compete, and when the day of the trial came he was asked in turn to read his essay. He began:

"My composition is about spring. Spring will soon be here. How do I know it? Because the grass grow green, and the trees put forth leaves, last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"The grass will soon grow green, and the trees will put forth leaves. How do I know that? Because the grass grew green, and the trees put forth leaves, last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"And the lambs will come, and they will gambol and play and have a good time. How do I know that? Because the lambs gambolled last year, and the year before that, and the year before that. And the ——"

Here the reader was interrupted by his teacher who, tired of the iteration, told him that he need read no more; and John triumphantly returned to his seat amid the laughter of the audience. Needless to say, however, his composition did not gain the prize.

Grains of Gold.

Wisdom waits to be asked for advice.

He that will steal an egg will steal an ox.

Some men discipline themselves to death.

An ounce of action is worth a pound of words.

The way to silence conscience is not to hear it.

Contentment to the mind is as light to the eye.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

Our lives are measured by our works not our years.

He that lies down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas.

Daub yourself with honey, and you will have plenty of flies.

Many a man lives on the reputation others make for him.

When a man cannot have what he loves, he must love what he has.

If every man could have his way, the world would be almost depopulated.

Truths differ. Sometimes they are told to a man's face, and sometimes behind his back.

We believe at once in evil; we only believe in good upon reflection. Is not this sad?

Covetousness is a sort of mental gluttony not confined to money, but craving honor, and feeding on selfishness.

Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

Content not thyself that thou art virtuous in the general; for one link being wanting, the chain is defective. Perhaps thou art rather innocent than virtuous, and owest more to thy constitution than to thy religion.

Femininities.

Gossiping and lying go hand in hand.

A girl who has golden hair need not have it plaited.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

A modest Buffalo girl recently had 2,000 photographs of herself struck off.

The first chapter in the history of a young woman's love is chap. won.

A Providence lady lecturer concludes that it won't pay: Only two tickets were sold.

An Akron, Ohio, lady named Logan was driven crazy by persistent sewing-machine men.

A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

The girl must have been somewhat excited when she pulled her beau's nose, kissed the bell-pull, and sweetly said good-night.

Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly only in dangers which affect themselves, but the first to the rescue when others are endangered.

Madame: "Do up my hair, Felice, while I am down to breakfast." "Yes, madame; which color?" "The black, please; I am going to a funeral."

A passing fancy for quite young girls is for each to paint for her tennis gown a set of buttons adorned with flowers standing for the letters of her name.

An immense order for corsets has been received in Paris from Brazil. The explanation is that the emancipated slave women have taken to wearing them.

"That is Tom's yacht off there on the horizon, Harriet." "Why, how elegant! I'll ask him when he comes in what the horizon looks like when he is close to it."

On a Western railway a bride is said to have handed her marriage certificate to the conductor instead of her ticket, and was horrified to hear that it was not good.

A lady of Newburg, Maine, has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favor in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and has hung it in her parlor, as a warning to triflers.

Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Rogers are Texan stock-raisers, doing business individually for themselves. The first lady is the owner of 80,000 sheep, and the other is rated at $1,000,000 in cash and live stock.

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse; "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith. It's the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute then. I must change the photographs on the mantel."

There is a woman in a West-of-England town who makes a good living by killing cats. She advertises that if people who are about to go away for the summer will send their cats to her she will kill them with chloroform.

There are answers which, in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room; and to have a discussion coolly waived when you feel that justice is all on your side, is even more exasperating in marriage than in philosophy.

A Connecticut woman is suing her neighbor for damages for putting up a screen. She claims that the flies which can not get into the neighbor's house on this account will come to hers, and she will thereby have double the usual number.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the great English statesman and president of Newnham College, Cambridge, contends that the full cultivation of woman's intellectual powers has no tendency to prevent her from properly discharging domestic duties.

He: "Where's my bootjack, Maria?" She: "Oh! must you use it? What a pity! I've covered it with pink satin and painted a spray of wild flowers on it, and hung it up in the parlor by long satin bows. What a pity one can't be artistic without having everything spotted."

Clara: "Is that a new ring you have on Ethel? It strikes me I have seen it before." Ethel, blushingly: "Yes, Clara; young Mr. Paperwate presented it to me last night. I have accepted him." Clara: "Oh, indeed! I'm so glad. Accept my best wishes. I thought the ring looked strangely familiar."

Good out of evil. Johnny Dumpsey: "Oh, ma! I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day." Mrs. D., much gratified. "Why, darling?" Johnny: "Because the scholars all laughed at me to-day and the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fighting with Bill Peck."

"I'm afraid that George is trifling with your affections, my dear," said her mother. "He has been calling here for nearly a year and hasn't proposed yet." "You shouldn't blame him for that, ma," replied Gracie, "for you stay in the room so long every evening that he hasn't a chance to say anything private to me."

Mr. Dunnell: "You'll pardon me for taking advantage of a secluded corner, my dear Miss Bristoe, but I want to ask you a question." Miss Bristoe: "T-this is s-so sudden!" Mr. Dunnell: "I know I'm a bit abrupt, but I want to inquire as to the best time to find your father at home. He owes our firm for that last lot of goods, you know."

This bit of vicious talk was recently overheard between two rival belles: "Fred is getting positively spoony," one said to the other; "he called me a flower just before I came upstairs." "You had been sitting against the wall for a long time," was the unamiable response, delivered with much sweetness; "but it wasn't nice of him to allude to it."

Masculinities.

The end of all argument—You're another.

Every man has his price, but he doesn't always get it.

The less head a man has, the more frequently he loses it.

A Cleveland proprietor of a whistle has been fined for "undue blowing."

A man can always depend on being remembered by people he is in a position to help.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

In a Florida court the crier had to wake up two of the jurymen to listen to the judge's charge.

A man who was engaged in an angry dispute in St. Louis, recently, dropped dead from mere excitement.

Mr. Taylor, of Lafayette, thought he would shear his mule's tail. The surgeon is assiduous in his attentions.

A Parisian recently lost an eye by splitting open the iris on the edge of a bosom shirt which he had starched to ultra stiffness.

A young lady of Staunton, Va., keeps a list of her male acquaintances in a pocket-diary, and calls it her devotional him-book.

The Earl of Fife, who is to marry Princess Louise, of England, is perilously near 40, but looks and acts like a much younger man.

Podology is the latest ology. It is the science of being able to tell a person's character and disposition by the bones of the leg and feet.

A man with an income of $10,000,000 a year is Colonel John Thomas North, who has great nitrate mines and factories in the far South, in Chili.

A famous author says: "I know of a man so sensitive that he shuts his ears to his sister's griefs, because it spoils his digestion to think of them."

His business. Eva: "Did you go to the opera last night, Mr. Smith?" Smith: "Yes; I had to." Eva: "Had to?" Smith: "Yes; I sell libretti."

The man looking through the keyhole should remember that others may be looking at him, and think his action worse than the action he is trying to look at.

Two Massachusetts men came to blows recently in a dispute as to where a female relative, now in good health and with fair prospects of a long life, should be buried when she dies.

Mr. and Mrs. Lair, of Kentucky, have seven sons. Mr. Lair is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and Mrs. Lair is 6 feet 3 inches. The tallest son is 6 feet 5 inches; the shortest is 6 feet 5 inches.

Surgeon Parry, of the Medical Department of India, says that he once saw the jet black hair of a rebel Sepoy turn gray in half an hour through fright caused by a judicial examination.

Parkson: "I'll bet 50 cents that Melville's girl has jilted him." Richford: "What makes you think so?" Parkson: "Why, he's out under the trees looking for that pipe he threw away last month."

Adorer: "Oh, how your words charm me! To think that you should daily discover more similarity between me and your sainted husband. May I ask how I resemble him?" Young widow, gravely: "You have all his bad habits."

Smith: "I notice you are as bald as an ostrich's egg, Jones." Jones: "Been that way since I was a young man." Smith: "Don't you find it a little annoying?" Jones: "Well, it's not without its advantages. I am a married man, you know."

De Smythe: "There was only one thing I ever asked of De Jones that he refused." Brown: "I'm surprised to hear that, for he's very generous; it must have been something unreasonable." De Smythe: "I asked him for some money he had borrowed."

A New England graveyard, a Boston paper says, contains a group of seven headstones. Six mark the graves of the wives of one man. The seventh is that of "Bluebeard" himself, and contains the simple, but most appropriate, epitaph: "Rest, weary pilgrim."

William J. Hilton, a wealthy and miserly merchant, of Franklyn, Ky., placed a nail keg containing $30,000 in greenbacks and 4 per cent. Government bonds upon a fire a few days ago, and laughed joyfully when he saw the flames devour the paper. Family troubles and business cares had turned his head.

Experienced tramp: "Hullo! 'ere's a charnce. If 'ere ain't a cove 'aving a row with 'is missis in this 'ouse. I'll spot him when 'e comes out." Frank tramp: "Wot's that got to do wiv it?" "I'll tell 'im I'm a wanderer over the face o' the earth cos I can't live with me wife. Then you see if 'e don't shell out somethin'."

There is a young man working in an Atlanta, Ga., newspaper office who once had a coffin bought for him. During the war, when very young, he was thought to be dying. A friend of the family passed the homestead en route to a coffin-maker's, and by request ordered a casket for the child. The lad's mother, however, refused to allow it to enter the house, and the suggestively shaped box remained on the fence posts for hours. The boy declined to die, and a week later the coffin was buried without a corpse in it.

Jinks: "Ha, ha, ha! I feel jolly to-day. My daughter has stopped pestering me for a necklace. I happened to get an idea from a friend, and I acted on it—told her I had noticed that the prettiest girls were not wearing jewelry now." Winks: "By jingo! I'll try that dodge myself!" Jinks, the next day: "Hello, Winks! Did you try that anti-jewelry game on your daughter?" Winks: "Y-e-s; and now my wife is storming because she thinks I've been staring at pretty girls. I wish I'd bought the necklace, I do."

Recent Book Issues.

"Miss Eyre from Boston" is by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. The collection of stories under the above title are all of the emotional character, and show woman in a gentle pure light, and man as a hero. A romance from the graceful pen of so ready a writer as Mrs. Moulton is indeed a treat and the little incidents which she so charmingly weaves must please every one who has a cultivated taste. Published by Robert Bros., Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery for July is out. There are bright and short tales by the favorite writers who have made this baby magazine so famous, and each of them is illustrated. Published by the Russell Publishing Company of Bromfield street, Boston.

The July number of the *Eclectic Magazine* has an excellent table of contents, comprising the cream of foreign magazine literature. "The Prototypes of Thackeray's Characters" throws light on matters interesting to all the great novelist's readers. The artist-author, W. W. Story, contributes a very suggestive discussion of art problems in his "Conversation in a Studio." "The Poet of Portugal" is a paper on Camoens, the national Poet of Portugal and the author of "The Lusiad." The Countess of Jersey tells us about the every-day life of Hindostan. Lord Justice Fry discusses the value of imitation. Professor Huxley has another powerful paper on "Agnosticism." E. Strachan Morgan discusses "The Roman Family," and Senora Bazan tells about "The Women of Spain." W. T. Stead has a readable article on Boulanger under the title of "Madame France and her Brav' General." There is also several short articles and poems of interest. At this number begins a new volume. It is a favorable time for a new subscription. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Broad street, New York.

The July number of *The Cosmopolitan* maintains its usual high order of excellence. Nearly all the articles are illustrated. It opens with an interesting paper on "The Clubs of Chicago," by Charles Page Bryan. Twenty portraits, and other engravings, accompanying the article. "Six Feet of Romance" is a fancifully illustrated sketch by Dan. C. Beard. Other illustrated articles are, "The Eiffel Tower," by Camille Flammarion; "Pitcher Plants," by Sophie B. Herrick; Part 2 of "The Murder of Philip Spencer," by Gail Hamilton; "The American Bonaparte," by Eugene L. Didier; "Recollections," being No. 4 of "The Great Agitation" series, by Julia Ward Howe; "Tandem Driving," by E. N. Dickinson, Jr.; "Wu Chin Tien," the Chinese novel, and conclusion of "On the Seventh Level." "Outside the Intrenchment," by David Ker; "Social Problems," by Edward Everett Hale; literary reviews by George Parsons Lathrop and Elizabeth Bisland, and three poems conclude the contents of an excellent number of this young and enterprising magazine. Published at 363 Fifth avenue, New York.

A MAN WHO WAS "MUCH."—A small boy was calling the other day on one of his school friends, and fell into conversation with the mother of the latter. He was led to remark that it was getting very hard to tell from the places in which people live whether they are entitled to social consideration or not.

"Now there is Blank Street," he said: "you wouldn't think anybody that lives in Blank Street was much, would you? But there's Mr. T., he lives there!"

"And is Mr. T. much?" she asked, not unwilling to draw him out.

"Mr. T.?" he repeated, with the air of one who is overwhelmed with astonishment that so obvious a a fact should have escaped the knowledge of anybody. "I should think he was. He's an awful swell. Why, he won't speak to my father!"

The glimpse which a remark like this give into the home life of the speaker is more instructive than pages of elaborate description.

AN UNGRACIOUS MANNER.—The possessor of an ungracious manner will never come up to the standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious foster insensibility a guarded carelessness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practise it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.

WHEN DEPRESSED AND OUT OF SORTS, with a low vitality and moody spirits, a good Tonic such as Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, will often set the system in order, and assist Nature in maintaining normal strength. It is the best medicine in the world for curing Worms in Children, ridding their bodies of pests which sap their constitutions, and which, if unattended to, render their lives miserable by their distressing symptoms. When used as a Tonic, the larger sized bottles are cheapest.

ROYALTY IN DISGUISE.

A GRAVE historian of the Church tells us a very good story of that prince of bullies King Henry VIII.

When out hunting once in the neighborhood of Reading Abbey he got separated from his attendants, and was invited to dinner by the abbot, who took him to be one of the king's guards.

The hungry monarch ate so largely of a "sir-loyn" of beef as to excite the envy of the Churchman, who declared he would give a hundred pounds to be able to feed so heartily on beef.

The unrecognized king departed, and the abbot probably had forgotten all about his somewhat unmannerly remark upon his visitor's appetite, when a pursuivant arrived at the abbey with orders from King Henry that the Churchman was to return with the messenger to London.

Puzzled and alarmed, the abbot went accordingly, and on his arrival in town, was immediately committed to an apartment at the Tower, where, on a diet of bread and water, he spent some anxious days and nights in the vain attempt to conceive how he had ever incurred the king's displeasure.

"At last," says the historian, "a sir-loyn of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed, and verified the proverb that two hungry meals make the third a glutton."

In springs King Henry out of a private lobbie, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior.

"My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life."

The king, it appeared, had found in the casual remark of his host an opportunity for playing a practical joke, and at the same time turning an honest penny or two—a pretty penny, by the way, was a hundred pounds in gold in those days—and the unlucky Churchman, it is said, had to hand up the money before he was permitted to carry out of the Tower his receipt for the enjoyment of "sir-loyn of beef."

It is said that the Emperor Nicholas had all the newspapers and magazines in Europe regularly searched for allusions to himself, and he would be tickled or annoyed by the lightest allusion of the obscurest scribbler in any of them.

But, so far as we are aware, he never condescended to personal disguise in order to learn other people's opinion of him.

If he had done as one of his imperial predecessors is said to have done in order to learn all he could about his people and their opinion of his government, and to gratify his whim for playing the part of an earthly providence, he would only have been mercilessly ridiculed for the puerile absurdity of the pastime.

This mighty emperor, one of the Ivans, it has been recorded, once went through a whole village in the guise of a beggar, knocking at every door and imploring a night's shelter.

He was repulsed at every house but the last and poorest in the place. Here he was kindly received, and food and shelter were given to him, notwithstanding that the good woman of the house was expecting a little addition to her family circle.

The pretended tramp spent the night beneath the lowly roof, and in the morning went on his way, promising to fetch a sponsor for the child.

He had not gone long when the village was startled by the announcement that the Emperor was coming down towards it, and gilded coaches and flashing armor and clattering horsemen were seen approaching in the distance.

The hospitable little household came out with the rest to see the splendid *cortege* go by, but were terribly alarmed when the imperial guards drew up before their door and the emperor himself alighted.

He had come to reward exemplary virtue in lowly life by standing sponsor for the newly-born child, and by otherwise literally rewarding the kindness he had received.

In the Percy Anecdotes we find an amusing story of the great Emperor Charles V., who, unlike the Emperor Nicholas, seems to have been, or who, at any rate, affected to be, too modest to listen to an account of his life and doings which some of his flatterers had prepared for his edification, nevertheless seems to have been fond of going about in disguise to hear what opinions were entertained of him.

On one of these excursions, Charles met with some accident to one of his boots, and applied to a cobbler in Brussels to mend it.

The cobbler refused. It was St. Crispin's Day, and he wouldn't do a job of work that day; no, not even for the Emperor. He was just off with some of his fellows. If the stranger would go and drink with him, well and good; but as to mending his boot—not he.

The mighty monarch—so the story goes entered into the cobbler's festive mood and went off and spent the day with him and his comrades in drinking and joviality and political discussion, and by-and-by he left the company, well pleased with their guest.

On the next day, to his infinite surprise, the cobbler who had refused to mend the stranger's boot was summoned to Court, and, to his great horror, he found that the customer he had refused to serve was no other person that the great Emperor himself.

Charles enjoyed his confusion and astonishment, no doubt; but soon put him at his ease.

He thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what could be done for him.

The cobbler turned the matter over accordingly, and is said to have come back next day with the curiously modest request that the Flemish cobblers might thereafter wear for their arms a boot with a crown over it.

The Emperor at once granted this request, but urged the eccentric man to think of something else.

According to the narrative the only additional favor he could desire was that henceforth in all civic processions the cobblers of Flanders might take precedence of the shoemakers, a favor which it need hardly be said was immediately conceded.

POPULAR ERRORS.

The blunders that have been committed are surprising; the erroneous impressions that still prevail are scarcely less so.

Observations, too, have been perverted, facts have been ignored, and proprieties of time, place and distance have been violated to a wonderful extent.

Legends, superstitions and misnomers are largely responsible for the popular and palpable errors that exist, and the old engravers, painters, sculptors, and alchemists contributed their share of the absurdities.

In evidence of this truth the subjoined are offered:—

In Westminster Abbey there are some absurd anomalies. The statue of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, a British admiral who was drowned in 1707 in a shipwreck off the coast of Cornwall, is clad in a Roman cuirass and sandals and an eighteenth-century wig!

The statue of the favorite minister of Charles I., George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is clad in the costume of a Roman emperor, while that of his wife, also in stone, is arrayed in the court dress of the time of George I.

Anachronisms are numerous. In Shakspeare's "Coriolanus" one of the characters, Cominius, alludes to Roman plays, which were unknown until 250 years after the death of Cominius.

In the same play allusion is made to Marcian waters brought to Rome, which should bear date 300 years later than the action of the play.

Reference is made in "Julius Cæsar" to striking clocks, which were not invented until the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

In "Hamlet" the young prince is represented as educated at Wittenberg school, which was not founded at the time.

The reference to turkeys in "Henry IV." is an anachronism. Turkeys are natives of America, and were not introduced into England before the beginning of the sixteenth century.

In the drama of "Elizabeth," founded on a tragic play by Schiller, in which Madame Ristori appeared with so much effect, an acrimonious interview occurs between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. The scene is a violation of history, for though the royal ladies were cousins, they never met each other.

A widespread error is the supposition that the manna of commerce is the same as that which fell from heaven during the wanderings of the Children of Israel in the desert.

The manna of pharmacy is of a yellowish-white hue, sweet to the taste and sticky to the touch, and is obtained mainly in Italy and Sicily from a tree of the ash family.

The fact that manna is also obtained from a species of tamarisk tree in the peninsula of Sinai has probably led to the impression that it is the same manna spoken of in the Book of Exodus.

The latter was miraculously supplied, could be ground in a mortar and baked or boiled like corn, and, as stated in the Scriptures, "was like coriander seed, white, and the taste of was like wafers made with honey."

Misnomers are responsible for many of our erroneous impressions. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia; Burgundy pitch does not come from Burgundy, and it is not a pitch; Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, and it is not a grass; black lead has no lead in it; sealing wax has no wax in it; kid gloves are not made out of kid; whalebone is no bone at all; and salt is not salt, for it has been long ago excluded from the class of bodies denominated salts.

WOULD LIKE THEM.—"I called this morning on the family that's moved into the house across the street," said Mrs. Fuller to her husband the other morning. "Did, eh? How did you like them—think that they'll be agreeable neighbors?" "Oh, I think we shall like them very much. They seem very pleasant, and—oh, those curtains at the parlor windows are real lace. I examined them while waiting for Mrs. B. to come down. And the carpets are Wilton velvet, and I think the rug in the hall is genuine Persian, and they've some beautiful chairs in the parlor and lovely pictures and some pieces of bric-a-brac that they couldn't have if they weren't pretty well off. I got a chance to peep into the dining-room and everything there is real antique oak, with solid silver on the sideboard. I think we will like them very much, indeed!"

THE way to enjoy life is to employ life.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

Jan. 14, '86 AUGUSTA, GA.

DR RADWAY, I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

In its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF not only cures the patient seized with MALARIA, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, drink twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water, and eat a piece of cracker or crust of bread, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA

NEWPORT, KY.

DR RADWAY: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Pills, and feel a great deal better. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am

Yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

☞ Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see the the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

HER LITTLE "NOES."

Two negatives I've heard, sweet maid,
Make an affirmative.
Pray, is it true or is it not?
An answer quickly give.
For you are teacher of a school,
And certainly should know
All that relates to grammar; and
She answered: "It is so."

He pressed the tiny hand, and gazed
Upon the lovely miss,
And said, "I pray you, let me take
From those sweet lips a kiss;
Those lips on which the rose you kissed
Has left its crimson glow?"
She blushed, she sighed, she hung her head,
And answered him: "No, No!"

—U. S. NOES.

Net gains—A haul of fish.

A driving trade—Coaching.

A stage fright—The ballet dancer.

Down and out—The first mustache.

Pleading at the bar—Begging for a drink.

They never speak as they pass by—Deaf mutes.

The path of duty—Through the Custom House.

An actor ought to be a happy man; his work is all play.

A man must be pretty sick of work when he throws up his job.

When is rain favorable to haymaking?—When it rains pitchforks.

The pugilist's motto—There is more pleasure in giving than receiving.

A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

She: "How do you suppose the apes crack the hard shells of the nuts they pick?" He: "With a monkey wrench, of course."

"Has McCorkle told you that hair raising story of his?" "No, is it thrilling?" "Not particularly. It's merely his account of cultivating his mustache."

Chicago is a great town for business, but the report that a company had been organized there for the purpose of shipping canned missionaries to Africa is possibly a canard.

Three A. M. "I say, offshur, ishn't that high-stoop brown-stone house mine?" "Yes, Mr. Saunders, that's your house." "Well, I wish when it (his) comes this way 'gain you'd stop it."

Small clerk: "Ooh, fadder, dot gun vot you sole Meester Schmallwitz last week bursted de virst dime he vire it off an' killed him det!" Proprietor: "Mine gracious! Dot vas awful. I sold him dot gun on drust."

A terrible case. "Let me die. I cannot afford to live!" "Why?" "Well, my time is worth $5 an hour, so that it costs me $40 every night to get 8 hours' sleep. That is $14,600 a year for sleep alone. I can't do that on an income of $6,000."

Morris Parke: "There is Franklin de Belleville. Let's turn down the street." Madison Square: "I thought you and he were great friends." Morris Parke: "So we are; but he moved into the suburbs lately, and I don't want to hear anything about his garden."

Two well-known clergymen lately missed their train, upon which one of them took out his watch, and, finding it to blame for the mishap, said he would no longer have any faith in it. "But," said the other, "isn't it a question not of faith, but of good works?"

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "No, there is nothin' I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and benches long enough for me to thrash my lawyer you can give me a year or two extra."

Two New York sparrows were sacrificed by a New Jersey landlord, who had heard that they would kill mosquitoes. He turned the poor birds loose in his house, and next morning only a few feathers and bones remained of them, while the mosquitoes sung a cheery song of triumph.

Omaha Chief: "And when the shooting began you ran away from the melee?" Round policemen: "Yes." "Did you not know you would be called a coward all your life?" "I made a hasty calculation to that effect, but I thought I would rather be a coward all my life than a corpse for 15 minutes."

The boozy man in the corner of the crowded car awoke from a nap and discovered a bulky lady hanging to a strap and glaring at the row of unobservant men intent upon their newspapers. The boozy man's gallantry asserted itself. "I'll be one 'v'nny two gen'l'men in dish car I' get up an' give th' lady seat," he said.

A little trick of trade. "What was that noise I heard here last night?" asked a man as he entered a saloon. "Sh-h-h. Don't say a word. But what was it? I heard a pistol shot." "Well, if you won't give it away I will let you into the secret. I fired off the gun. see?" "Yes." "And then about a thousand people rushed up to find out what the trouble is. And then I sell about five hundred beers. It's a great scheme."

"Well," said Uncle Hiram, who used to belong to a singing club in his early days, "I never heard a woman play like that woman we heard in Boston that night. It was just awful. My ears ache even now." "Yes," replied his nephew, "she was rather loud, that's a fact. But then her execution—" "George," exclaimed the old gentleman, as he seized his nephew by the arm, "you don't mean to say that they went so far as that? Well, 'tisn't for me to judge them. I only heard her once. It seems terrible—a woman, too. But then they had to listen to her every night. And they won't have to hear her again. Perhaps it is all for the best, George."

TIGHT-LACING.—The catalogue of diseases which are, or may be, induced by "tight lacing," is, according to the "Hospital," very extensive.

Anæmia, ulcer of the stomach, gall stones, and moveable kidney are mentioned among these ills, and a serious appeal is made to dressmakers and leaders of fashion to discard tight garments and to recognize only the natural waist as the desirable and truly beautiful one.

The appeal has been made once or twice a month ever since corsets were first introduced; and, as we now see smaller waists than ever, the dressmakers and leaders of fashion are not intimidated, and not likely to be intimidated, by the warnings which are hurled at them by the medical papers.

If tight waists are an evil, men, and not dressmakers or leaders of fashion, are the right people to take the matter up and to satisfactorily deal with it.

At present, men encourage tight lacing by expressing their admiration of small waists. If they took the other line, perhaps we might witness a reform.

If fathers were to forbid their daughters, husbands to forbid their wives, and brothers to discourage their sisters, whenever the ladies betray a tendency to assume the form of hour glasses, there would surely be a change for the better.

But it is useless and illogical to declaim against small waists, and to then go home and morally aid and abet female belongings in squeezing themselves into clothes that are too narrow for them.

AMONG the bulls of English parentage recently perpetrated are these:

"After the door closed," writes a novelist who is widely read just now, "a dainty foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the lamp."

"The chariot of socialism," wrote an editorial writer, "is rolling and gnashing its teeth as it rolls."

"The Charity Association," wrote a reporter, "has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear."

"I was sitting," writes another novelist, "at the table enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend again."

A YOUNG MAN well known in society circles, who has a billiard-room in the house, was one evening teaching a young lady, in whom he was somewhat interested, to play. The small boy of the family went up to view the game, but was evidently not greatly pleased with its progress and soon came down.

Some one of the family asked him how the game was going on, and he said:

"The game is not going on at all. Uncle —— is not playing at all; he is just standing there holding Miss ——'s hand. That's all he's doing, and I don't think there's any fun in that sort of a game."

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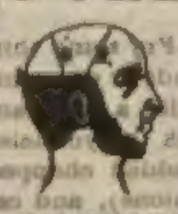

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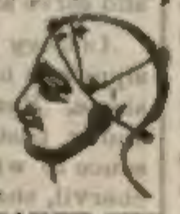

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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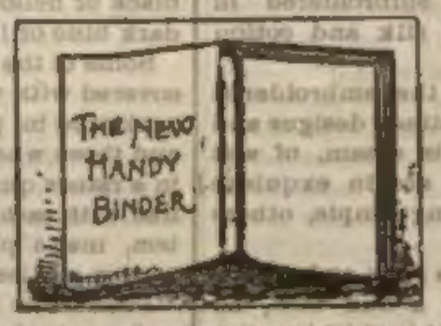

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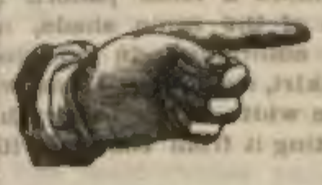

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

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Latest Fashion Phases.

In the pretty lace fichus, cravats and ties there is everything that the most fastidious could wish. One of the newest cravats, in the popular Directoire style, has the plain straight collar and revers in rich so-called point de Venise guipure, with a full jabot of delicate embroidered net, with vandyked edge.

Another style has the once fashionable deep-pointed collar, with a full lace cravat falling from it in front. These "revived" collars and the deep-pointed guipures are now coming into fashion again, after the lapse of many years.

Some of the guipure is most effectively used on satin Merveilleux Garibaldis for evening wear.

The points take the form of deep collars, waistbands resting on the hips, and deep cuffs, the points going away from the hand. On black and crimson, or on pale pink, the rich creamy guipure looks extremely well.

Garibaldis of soft silk have fine rows of tucking down the front and round the cuffs with a cascade of hemmed and finely pleated silk down the front.

The incroyable bows of every colored or creamy soft silk are useful little adjuncts to any day toilette. Some have colored lace or embroidered ends.

The new long scarves, as wraps, in the new tambour lace, are in several widths, in black, cream and a peculiar shade of soft yellow, the latter embroidered in white. They are in both silk and cotton lace.

A special novelty are the embroidered Pompadour robes, in Watteau designs and coloring. The ground is cream, of soft muslin, and the designs are in exquisite shades of color, some being simple, others grand and elaborate.

A very pretty one has a pink and a blue flower tied together with a buff bow, all over the surface. They are in skirt lengths, with bodice trimming.

Others are in the later and Empire style, with a plain surface and a deep floral border, graduating upwards. For fete and quiet dinner dresses these muslins would be exquisitely cool and pretty.

The Pompadour handles to the parasols are novel. They are flat and round, about the size of a silver dollar, in ivory with a gold shield in the centre, or all in embossed gold or silver.

A famous ladies' tailor is now showing some capital gowns and jackets, plain, or fancy braided, in fancy cashmere tweeds, Venetian and plain-faced cloths.

For travelling, he is using a rough, though light tweed, with border of a fainter shade, making it up in original and uncommon ways.

For instance, one, in a pretty shade of terra-cotta; had the border of a lighter hue, arranged as side pieces, a border to the simulated petticoat in front (Directoire style), and also as revers, cuffs, and as covering to the large button moulds which adorned one side of the skirt.

The skirt was—as all the fashionable skirts are at present—extremely plain, except at the back, where all the fulness is gathered.

A morning gown, of plain-faced cloth, in the peculiar green-gray shade called by tailors "reseda" (which is not the same as the dressmakers' or milliners' shade), had the front of the skirt, or simulated petticoat, handsomely embroidered in untarnishable white silk cord and gold intertwined, which had a remarkably good effect.

The cuffs and revers were of velvet of a darker shade. The vest corresponded with the front of the skirt.

A terra-cotta gown, called the "divided Directoire," because the bodice and skirt were separate, was smartly braided on the petticoat, vest and cuffs, with mixed gold and terra-cotta cord on white silk.

The sleeves were cut up and turned back with a gold button, to show the embroidered white silk cuffs. Gold buttons were placed on the bodice and at the habit tails at the back.

A smart little close-fitting outdoor jacket was made of navy-blue Venetian cloth, with three rows of ribbon velvet, rather more than an inch wide, alternating with braiding; these were carried over the shoulders and down the back, so that the back was almost as much decorated as the front.

The braiding and velvets were skilfully adapted to the curves of the figure. The cuffs and collar were richly braided.

Among the cloaks preparing for travelling and dust wear later on in the season was one which was uncommon. It was almost tight-fitting, very long, fastening at throat and waist with two fancy metal clasps, and having three-quarter length sleeves, widening considerably from the elbow, showing, and slightly turned back with, the shot silk which formed the lining. The sleeves were in the loose, open style that go by the name of the "magician's."

Broche alpaca in silver-gray and pale green-gray makes up prettily for thin summer gowns. The style is more dependent on the perfect fit than on the trimming, which, as a rule, is slight.

In little outdoor jackets there are several styles of ornamentation and closing, which are generally varied and adapted to the exigencies of the figures they are intended to adorn.

The fabrics for washing-dresses have this year been brought to the greatest perfection.

The brocaded zephyrs, in particular, are exquisitely fine and delicate, and have almost the effect of silk, so skilfully is the pattern brought out.

The colors and designs are admirable, and it is impossible to imagine a daintier summer gown for a girl than one of these apple-green or rose-pink cottons strewn with bunches of small white flowers that recall Pamela and Olivia and other heroines of a past century.

Many of these materials have borders in lines and arabesque patterns, but the newest are edged with a deep band of guipure worked in a different color, such as black or heliotrope, brown or pale green, dark blue or light blue.

Some of the cream or ecru cambrics are covered with wreaths of tiny flowers embroidered in pale blue, pink and green, and these when made, as they usually are, in a rather quaint and fanciful fashion, and tied with sashes and knots of flowered ribbon, make pretty dresses for picnics or garden parties.

Pure white will be again much worn, and many of the new laces and embroidered muslins are beautifully designed and executed.

The latter are finer than those used last year, and a new variety has a stripe of guipure, which adds to the transparency and lightness.

No trace of color should appear in these showy costumes, but relief from monotony may be produced by the varying tones of the different materials employed, ribbons of watered silk adding a gleam of brightness, and the slightly yellower tints of flowers a touch of warmth to the colder white of lace or muslin.

A fabric well known to our grandmothers under the name of mousseline de laine and long condemned by fashion, has this year been taken into favor.

It is now made with ground of cream color, over which are scattered blossoms in various shades, with wide running borders of flowers or foliage, or in pale green, blue and pink.

On the plain colors a close pattern is worked in silks of the same shade, or there is a deep embroidery in mingled tints round the skirt, an edging of lace two or three inches in width falling below the work and protecting it from contact with the ground.

Another old acquaintance has also reappeared in improved circumstances. Alpaca, so long despised and considered suitable only for dust cloaks, once more holds a place amongst the favorites of the season, and is much used for morning and walking gowns.

Odds and Ends.

A VARIETY OF DISHES.

Duck Cutlets.—Bone the legs of a couple of roast ducks, fill the bone space with sage and onion stuffing, egg and bread-crumb, in which case insert a small bone round which to put the cutlet frill. Serve round a pyramid of stiff apple sauce, and a row of small baked tomatoes as a garnish; or they may be dipped in a light batter instead of egg and bread crumb.

Chicken Cutlets With Sausage Forcemeat.—The top part of the legs boned, the breast and wings carefully removed and formed into cutlets; stuff the legs with sausage meat. With spring chicken the fillets will be thin, and must be lapped round a layer of sausage meat and neatly made into shape. With a large fat fowl, when the breast and wings are removed, insert a knife, separate the fillets, put in the opening enough forcemeat, and press the edges together. Fry the cutlets in a light batter, and serve around a pyramid of spinach.

Cold Fillets of Chicken With Mayonnaise Sauce.—Fry some sippets of bread about 6 inches long by 2 inches broad, spread them with anchovy paste. Take the meat of cold chicken (the legs will do as well as the white meat), form into fillets and lay each fillet on the toast. Have ready some thick mayonnaise sauce. Mask the fillets thickly with the sauce, and arrange them round mustard and cress, or, better still, dainty bunches of watercress. It is a great mistake to imagine that dishes made with mayonnaise sauce are costly. One or two eggs will make a large quantity of the sauce, and make many dry and tasteless dishes palatable.

Cold Fillets of Pigeon with Tartar Sauce.—Roast and split three or four pigeons. Fry in clarified dripping or butter a sufficient number of squares of bread. Drain, and stand on end that they may remain crisp. Take the legs off the birds, and lay each half pigeon on the toast. Serve with Tartar or mayonnaise sauce. Tartar sauce is decidedly the best.

Poached Eggs in Puff Paste.—Poach four to six eggs, trim, and let them get quite cold. Prepare the following mixture: A teaspoonful of anchovy paste, worked smoothly into some thick double cream, as much cayenne as will lie on the top of a five-cent piece, and a squeeze of lemon juice, added slowly not to curdle the cream. Work the ingredients into the cream mixture, inclose each egg with some of the cream mixture, in a small cover of puff paste. Bake in a quick oven.

Savory Sandwiches.—Pound some of the white meat of a chicken in a mortar, with a little pepper and salt, and some tongue (the tinned Fayssandu tongues do well for this purpose). The proportions are one part of tongue to three of chicken. Cut some slices of thin bread and butter from a tin loaf, spread the pounded meat on the bread and butter, form sandwiches, cut them diamond shape, and sprinkle on each sandwich a thin layer of grated Parmesan cheese.

Sardine Sandwiches.—Drain, skin and bone five or six sardines, pound in a mortar with as much cayenne pepper as will lie on a five-cent piece. Spread between bread and butter, and make square sandwiches. Have ready a hard-boiled egg chopped fine, and cover the sandwiches with a dust of chopped egg.

Curried Eggs on Toast.—Cut some rounds of bread with a cutter. Have ready some curried onions—the large Portugal onions sliced are best. Put a good layer of the curried onions on the fried rounds of toast. Keep very hot while the number of eggs required is being poached. Lay a poached egg on each round of curry toast, and serve at once.

Anchovy Cream Toasts.—Fry some thin sippets of bread, either rounds or diamond shape. Spread the toasts with a little anchovy paste. Make a thick mayonnaise sauce to which has been added chopped chervil, shallot (or small onions), and capers. Spread the sauce between the anchovy sippets, make into sandwiches, and serve with watercress or mustard and cress.

Sandwiches With Russian Salad.—Cold pounded veal, chicken, or rabbit; two parts of butter to one of anchovy or shrimp paste. Butter the bread with the anchovy or shrimp butter, put a layer of pounded meat on the bread and butter, make into sandwiches, and serve round the following salad: Take equal parts of cold cooked peas, capers, very young onions, the size of a large pea, chopped olives, cauliflower, carrots, turnips, asparagus, beetroot, two red chillies, and two hard-boiled eggs cut in dice. Pile these vegetables, well mixed, high in a pyramid in the centre of the sandwiches, and pour over it mayonnaise sauce.

Fillets of Pigeon or Roast Pigeons With Savory Bread Sauce.—For roast pigeons, stuff with ordinary veal forcemeat. For fillets, make an insertion in the fillet with a knife, fill with forcemeat, and cook as for cutlets. Serve round a pyramid of baked tomatoes, and send up the following bread sauce: Simmer three or four small onions, or, better still, half a Portugal onion sliced, in half a pint of milk for an hour; avoid reducing the milk too much. Take out the onions, put in the grated bread, a lump of butter as large as a walnut, one or two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, pepper and salt, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one red chilli and one anchovy (washed and boned) shredded fine. Stir over the fire till of the consistency of ordinary bread sauce.

Cream Potatoes.—Pare and cut in small squares, cook twenty minutes in salted water, drain and add a cupful of milk; when boiling hot put in a tablespoonful of butter and a little chopped parsley; cream is better than milk if one has it.

Confidential Correspondents.

JOE F.—They are a matter of temperament. Nothing will effect a radical change in your wife but age.

RIGHT.—When driving in a carriage with ladies a gentleman should take his seat with his back to the horses and opposite the ladies.

W. L.—We give you a corn cure sent us by a subscriber, without endorsing it in any way. Mix fine chalk with vinegar into a paste, and apply a coating to the corn for three or four nights. This will soften the corn, which can then be plucked out by the roots.

HADROPULO.—It is a very common thing for young men, especially bachelors, to drop the "Mr." on their visiting cards, and to have their name printed thus—John L. Smith; but if you prefer the "Mr." added, there would be nothing incorrect about it.

HORTON.—Instead of gluing strips of cloth to hold together the glass slides of your case for your models, it would be better if you were to fix to the model's stand wooden uprights with grooves in them to take the glass. The panes would be simply dropped in.

WORCESTER.—A useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repainting can be made by simply dissolving two ounces of soda in a quart of hot water. The mixture in the above proportion should be applied warm, and the woodwork afterwards washed to remove all traces of soda.

STERLEY.—Twenty-one is a very good age for a girl to marry, especially if her husband be her senior. You give the young lady you have in view for a wife a very good character, and the only thing against her seems to be lack of money. But we cannot have everything; and with all her good qualities she will probably be worth more to you than if she came to you with a big bank account at her back.

NANCY.—You are quite right in hesitating to marry an intemperate man, for one sees on every hand the miserable homes that result from intemperance. Still in the case you mention the man is very young, and you cannot tell what temptations there may have been to make him transgress. Have you talked to him about the matter? Perhaps now that he is ill he will feel more inclined to listen to you, and you could remind him of his promise.

MAN OF STRAW.—The term "man of straw," so commonly used to signify a person without means or capital; it finds its origin in former days, when a certain class of persons who used to loiter about law courts made their occupation known by placing a straw in their shoes. A lawyer who was in need of a convenient witness knew by this sign that the gentleman's memory could be regulated by a fee, and would take "straw shoes" into court as a "favorable" witness for his client.

J. B. M.—Why do you not see your lover and inquire the reason he so suddenly ceased to visit you? Tell him frankly that his peculiar conduct is rendering you unhappy, and that you do not like to think you have offended him without knowing how you have done so. If he does not meet your attempt at reconciliation with a full explanation of his recent coldness, do not make any effort to see him or to win his affection again. Treat him with the indifference he shows you, and try to transfer your love to a more worthy object.

F. L.—These are terms invented by McLellan, a Scottish writer on marriage, to express two systems adopted by various savage tribes. By endogamous marriage he means a system in which marriage is forbidden outside the limits of the tribe. In exogamous marriage a strong prejudice exists against a man marrying a woman of his own tribe. To such an extent is this carried, that in some cases intertribal marriage is punished with death. The argument is that all the members of a tribe are blood-relations, no matter how distant may be their common ancestor.

R. R.—We cannot understand your difficulty unless you imagine that in addressing a lady for such a purpose, it is necessary to use some peculiar and fixed form of speech. It is only requisite to state your request to the lady simply and politely. In introducing, you always introduce the gentleman to the lady, as follows—"Mrs. or Miss Smith allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Jones." The names should always be pronounced clearly and distinctly. You may add to the above form, if you please, the repetition of the names, in inverse order—"Mr. Jones, Mrs. Smith."

TWO AND TWO.—In the circumstances given the gentleman may acknowledge the receipt of your letter, but has no right to feel offended, if you have written in a kindly spirit. There is no impropriety in a moonlight ride, under ordinary circumstances, though few judicious parents would encourage them. In the case of the equally divided young gentleman, the ladies, if they find his attentions to the pair of them growing too warm, should grow cold in proportion. This might cause him to realize their view of the matter. In riding, if the lady wishes to return, it is proper for her to propose it.

"A CANARD."—How the French word (a duck) came to be used when speaking about a hoax, the following story will explain. A person, wishing to test to what extent he could impose upon the public, reported in a paper that he had twenty ducks, one of which he cut up and threw to the nineteen, who gobbed it up it up greedily. He then cut up another of the birds, then a third, and so on until nineteen of them had disappeared; and as the survivor ate up the nineteenth it followed that this duck had actually consumed nineteen ducks—a wonderful proof of duck voracity. The story had the run of the papers, and added another word to our language.

ROSA.—The clothes moth, which is such a pest to housewives when once it has become established in a house, is very hard to get rid of. It generally harbors itself in furs, cloths, or flannel. Summer is the time when the insect is busy, when such materials are not in use; therefore it is necessary to examine at intervals any woolen articles you may have, and see that they have not been molested. The most effectual plan, and, indeed, the only sure method, of destroying the moths is to sprinkle powdered camphor or pepper over the articles, to wrap and stitch them up in a piece of calico, and then to lock them up in a tin box. If they are left where the air may reach them, the effect of the camphor and the pepper soon passes off.